

**ANTHOLOGY
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE**

FOR 1923

FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS

1923

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ANTHOLOGY
OF
NEWSPAPER VERSE
FOR 1923

Edited by
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ILLUSTRATED

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Kansas City, Mo.

THE ANTHOLOGY

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1919. \$2.50

Contains 143 poems from 69 newspapers by 78 authors.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1920. \$2.50

Contains 175 poems from 71 newspapers by 130 authors.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1921. \$2.50

Contains 149 poems from 76 newspapers by 127 authors.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1922. \$2.50

Contains 148 poems from 65 newspapers by 99 authors.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1923. \$2.50

Contains 215 poems from 105 newspapers by 180 authors.

INTRODUCTION

At no time since I first began the study of newspaper verse have there occurred so many things that touched the sympathies and gripped the minds of our people as during the year 1923, if my assumption that the poems appearing in the daily and weekly newspapers correctly interpret the reaction of the people to current events. And a critical study of this poetry for the past five years has convinced me that it is a very accurate barometer of public sentiment and opinion.

As was to be expected, the outstanding theme for the year was the death of President Harding. From all parts of the country came poems of sorrow and of praise. Not alone were these confined to the thickly populated centers, but they came from the back recesses of the country as well. They came from every class. Poets of reputation, business men, prisoners, girls classed as incorrigibles, the illiterate and the untrained tried to tell us in verse of their sorrow at the passing of a great man. Warren G. Harding was surely closer to the people generally than any president of recent times.

"He was a quiet man, no sounder of alarm,
No howler of distress, but underneath that calm
Was iron and fire. . . ."

The sorrow of the people was genuine. The expressions of grief were from the heart. And a little girl wrote:

"The heart of the nation is weeping;
The shadow of ages is close,
And America kneels in the dawning;
And—our President stands before God."

Some there may be who will criticize the quality of these poems—the expression of a sorrowing people—but none can doubt the sincerity of the writers.

Early in the year the discovery of the tomb of King Tutankhamen became a matter of great interest to our people. The number of poems on this theme was second only to that on the death of the President. Many of these poems were of a high order. Some

writers went far back into early history. Others seemed unable to disabuse their minds of the idea that there was some poetical relationship between the aridness of the region round about the King's tomb and that of a certain late amendment to our national constitution.

"They laid the lotus-flow'r within his tomb,
And it is dust. They heaped pomegranates there,
And they are perished into dust. . . ."

It has often been stated that "all the world loves a lover," and, if newspaper verse may be relied upon as a criterion, there can be no doubt but Americans love a dog. The praises of Governor Baxter's dog were sung throughout the land. It is doubtful if the state of Maine will have another Governor who will win the hearts and sympathies of the people of the nation as did Governor Baxter through his respect for his departed friend. There was another dog that gained the hearts of the people, and the verses written about Laddie Boy would make a good size volume.

"Oh, Laddie Boy, though faithful
is the vigil that you keep, your
master's steps you'll hear no more,
to make your heart throbs leap."

If the oft-repeated axiom that it is the unexpected that always happens needs any evidence to prove the assertion, one has only to study newspaper poems for a year to become convinced. Awaiting the large number of poems expected on certain themes, to find only a very few, while there is a large number appearing on unthought-of themes, is really interesting. Writers, living great distances apart, writing on the same theme, would not be so disconcerting, were it a subject that had received a great deal of recent publicity. But when we find writers from Maine to Wyoming singing about an old circus-poster,

"Contempt for logic, yet power to thrill—
What a world there is in a circus-bill!"

and others from Virginia to California praising the old black mammy,

"But yo' mammy's heart am pinin'
'Cayse yo' sing no mo',"

all at the same time, is enough to make one give serious consideration to the psychology of the American people.

Thanksgiving and Mothers' Day were well remembered by the poets. With many the hoped-for turkey dinner seemed to force the consideration of spiritual welfare into the background. Some of the best poems on Mothers' Day that I ever read on the subject appeared in the newspapers during the year.

Some states have officially recognized their poets by appointing poet-laureates, and I have often been asked why I did not include a list of the poets holding this honor. With a view to giving authentic information on this subject I wrote the Governors of the various states, and the following are copies of the answers received. This includes only those states that have named a poet-laureate. The replies from other states indicate that no official action has been taken along this line.

CHARLES W. BRYAN
Governor

STATE OF NEBRASKA
EXECUTIVE OFFICE
Lincoln

December 10th
1 9 2 3

Mr. Frank P. Davis,
Enid, Oklahoma.
My Dear Sir:

Your letter of December 7th, 1923, to Governor Bryan requesting information as to who our poet laureate is and when, and how he was appointed, has been received. In reply, permit me to state that our poet laureate is John G. Neihardt. His appointment was made by a joint and concurrent resolution of the Nebraska Legislature in 1921. The resolution is as follows:

(House Roll No. 467.)

(Introduced by George C. Snow of Dawes County.)

"JOINT AND CONCURRENT RESOLUTION declaring John G. Neihardt the poet laureate of Nebraska.

WHEREAS, There is the closest connection between the growth of civilization and the development of literature; and

WHEREAS, Wise commonwealths, in all ages, have recognized this relation by lifting the poet to the same plane as the statesman and military chieftain; and

WHEREAS, John G. Neihardt, a citizen of Nebraska, has written a national epic wherein he has developed the mood of courage with which our pioneers explored and subdued our plains, and thus has inspired in Americans that love of the lands and its heroes whereby great national traditions are built and perpetuated; and

WHEREAS, Our people wish to exalt such gifts of the human spirit; therefore, be it

Resolved and Enacted, by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring, that John G. Neihardt be, and hereby is, declared poet laureate of Nebraska.

Approved April 21, 1921."

Hoping that the above is the desired information, I am,

Very truly yours,

F. C. RADKE,

Secretary to the Governor.

THE STATE OF COLORADO

EXECUTIVE CHAMBER

Denver

HALE SMITH

Secretary to the Governor

December 12, 1923.

Dear Sir:

Replying to your letter of December 7th, Governor Sweet on January 24, 1923, appointed Mrs. Nellie Burget Miller of Colorado Springs poet laureate of the State of Colorado. The Legislature of this state has never taken any action in regard to this matter and the appointment was made by the Governor without waiting for statutory enactment.

Very truly yours,

HS:A

HALE SMITH.

Frank P. Davis, M.D.

Enid, Oklahoma.

STATE OF OKLAHOMA

EXECUTIVE OFFICE

Oklahoma City

December 14, 1923.

Dr. Frank P. Davis,

Enid, Oklahoma.

My Dear Doctor:

Receipt is hereby acknowledged of your inquiry of December 13th.

In reply I beg to advise that Miss Violet McDougall of Sapulpa was named poet laureate of Oklahoma by former Governor Walton. The appointment was made through a commission issued and signed by the Governor, there being no act of the Legislature making provision for such an office.

Trusting that this is the information you desire, I am

Sincerely yours,

PARKER LA MOORE,

Secretary to the Governor.

MILTON J. FERGUSON
State Librarian

MABEL R. GILLIS
Assistant Librarian

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
CALIFORNIA STATE LIBRARY
Sacramento

December 17, 1923.

Dr. Frank P. Davis,
Enid, Oklahoma.

Dear Sir:

Your letter to Governor Richardson has been referred to the State Library.

The enclosed Senate Concurrent Resolution will answer your question regarding a poet laureate. You will note that Miss Coolbrith was not given this exact title, but was highly honored by the Legislature of the state.

Hoping to be of future assistance,

Very truly yours,

MILTON J. FERGUSON,
State Librarian.

SENATE CONCURRENT RESOLUTION No. 24.

CHAPTER 51.

Senate Concurrent Resolution No. 24—Relative to Ina Coolbrith of San Francisco, California, being given the honorary title of The Loved Laurel Crowned Poet of California.

(Filed with Secretary of State April 26, 1919.)

WHEREAS, Ina Coolbrith of San Francisco, California, has brought prominently to the attention of the world the glories and beauties of California's fruits and flowers, its climate, its scenery, its wealth and possibilities, through her many brilliant poems, and has contributed to the high standing of our literature, thereby winning the admiration and gratitude of all

loyal Californians, and is truly deserving of our most favorable recognition and mention; therefore, be it

Resolved by the Senate, the Assembly concurring, That Ina Coolbrith be hereby recognized and given the honorary title of The Loved Laurel Crowned Poet of California.

The poetry of 1923 shows a tendency for our people to draw closer in the bonds of friendship and good-fellowship. There is a noticeable spiritual trend and a greater respect for the principle of the Golden Rule. While there may be some points of local irritation in the great body politic, yet, as whole, it appears to be more healthy than in many years. Newspaper verse may always be depended upon to show the true trend of public sentiment better than the editorial and news departments of the public press.

The following authors have been represented in each edition of the Anthology from the beginning of its publication: Scottie McKenzie Frasier, Arthur Goodenough, Marie Tello Phillips, Floyd Meredith, Henry Polk Lowenstein, Phoebe Naylor, Charles A. Heath, Millard S. Burns, Helen Emma Maring and Perry Marshall.

FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS.

Enid, Oklahoma,
Jan. 2, 1924.

Semper Fidelis

Verse by Carlton Fitchett — Illustration by Stuart Morris

WITH wistful eyes and lonesome heart, how patiently he waits to greet his master, home at last, outside the White House gates; to rub against his knees again and lick his hands in joy, and hear his master's loving voice: "I've missed you, Laddie Boy."

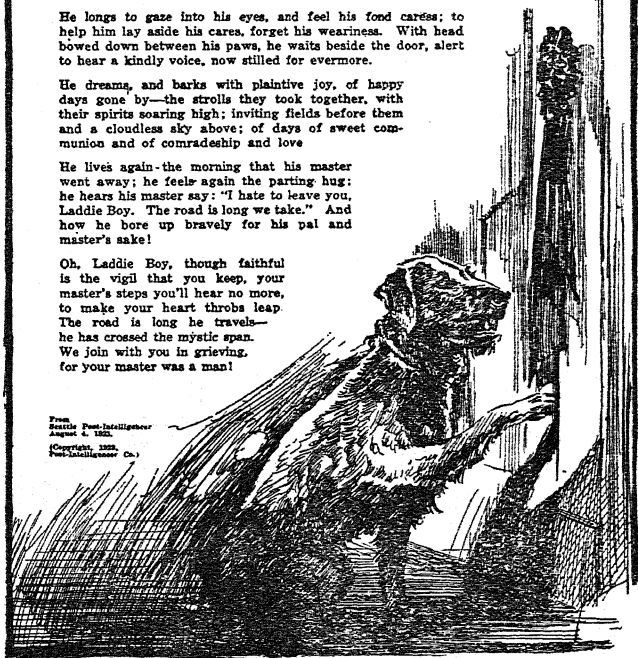
He longs to gaze into his eyes, and feel his fond caresses; to help him lay aside his cares, forget his weariness. With head bowed down between his paws, he waits beside the door, alert to hear a kindly voice, now stilled for evermore.

He dreams, and barks with plaintive joy, of happy days gone by—the strolls they took together, with their spirits soaring high; inviting fields before them and a cloudless sky above; of days of sweet communion and of comradeship and love

He lives again—the morning that his master went away; he feels again the parting hug; he hears his master say: "I hate to leave you, Laddie Boy. The road is long we take." And how he bore up bravely for his pal and master's sake!

Oh, Laddie Boy, though faithful is the vigil that you keep, your master's steps you'll hear no more, to make your heart throbs leap. The road is long he travels—he has crossed the mystic span. We join with you in grieving, for your master was a man!

From
Seattle Post-Intelligencer
August 4, 1923.
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Post-Intelligencer Co.)



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The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Poem by Carlton Fitchett.

Illustration by Stuart Morris.

CONQUERORS.

Three conquerors were marching across the land that
day,

Three conquerors were marching and all the land made
way.

Death in his black robes, Love in his shining,
Leading in between them a nation bowed in grief.

They marched through the mountains,

They marched through the grain,

And in and out the hearts of men

And up and down the lane.

And each man felt the brush of wings

As love went by, and pain.

Three conquerors were marching, the Nation, Love
and Death.

One traveler was resting now where winds have no
least breath.

One friend had lain his life down now—

Unclamped the crown that hurts the brow.

Around him like inclosing hills,

Around him like tossed daffodils

The millions stood, the missions massed,

The millions—they who asked so much,

Death softly loosed their tightening clutch.

Three conquerors were marching, Death, Nation, Love
alight.

One conqueror was marching across the stars that
night.

The New York Herald.

Kathryn White Ryan.

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING.

Silent, on shadowy wings, the shrouded figure of
Death

Between the sea and the mountains hovered with
outstretched hand,

And, cold on the fringe of twilight, paused for the
space of a breath.

Then there were wild alarms and darkness over the
land.

Darkness over the homes of men and the one man
 lying dead,
And the whispering wires that flashed the word to
 village and farm and town;
And the dawn swept over the prairies while the nation
 bowed its head,
For the fighter whose fight was over, for the strong
 man stricken down.

Swift on its glimmering rails of steel, loud in the
 mountain pass
Is the train that carries a sleeping man to his child-
 hood home again,
Back to the fields his hands have ploughed, to the
 gentle prairie grass—
He goes to the land that gave him birth, Harding,
 leader of men.

The Milwaukee Sentinel.

James Carrington.

THE LONELY SEA.

Great voyager into the Lonely Sea—
We know how bravely thou wilt tread the deck
Of the mystic ship that bears thee on!
And how thy grave, kind eyes, half wistfully,
Will scan the darkening way—not fearing wreck—
But watching, yearning, for the dawn.

How perilous may be the narrow strait
That lies, unlit, uncharted, in between
The two great seas—no soul returns to tell . . .
But this we know, and are not desolate:
Thy spirit fronts the darkness, sure, serene . . .
God being with thee, all is well.

The Bellingham Reveille.

Ella Higginson.

FRIENDS WITH DEATH.

There shall be no more sorrow. Through the vast
Dim silence on the other side of Death
Not any agony may penetrate. . . .
We cry for peace, and here there is no peace—
But there, for that great Soul who greatly lived,
Such plenitude of quiet! So I think

We should be friends with Death. . . . A potent
man

Passing in such swift flight to that beyond
Takes nothing hence. His greatness now is ours.
We are full heirs to his untarnished shield.
The garment of his courage falls on us,
Remembrance of his purpose, unforgot,
Shall tarry in our hearts. . . . I can but think—
So rich a heritage, so large a faith—
So clear a flame of patriotic fire
Should stay our grief, reconsecrate our zeal,
Quicken our hopes, and make us friends with Death.

The New York Times.

Barbara Young.

SALUTE!

In Memory of Warren G. Harding.

Salute the passing of a leader! See . . . he sleeps.
Stand at attention. You may sound the deeps
Of sorrow in your heart; but raise your hand,
Salute!

He loved his country as few love their land,
Gave her his all without wild blare of horn,
Accepted sneers, misunderstanding, scorn,
And safely chose the way that best might be
To lead the nation back to normalcy.
He asked not for a hero's grand repute;
He chose the country's good. Salute!

He was a quiet man, no sounder of alarm,
No howler of distress, but underneath that calm
Was iron and fire. Swift as the lightning stroke
He acted, when the need for action broke.
He listened to advice, but without fear,
And took the path that duty pointed clear,
The path that led from Glory to the grave;
Salute a gallant soldier, none more brave!

Lover of peace, he visioned that fair day
When strife and hate and lust shall pass away;
He dreamed, but better still he worked
To consummate his dream. No task he shirked
To hasten and to usher in that hour
When amity of nations burst in flower.
Oh, lands across the waters put an end
To wars! And, as he goes, salute a friend!

America rise up and hail a Chief!
Be proud in this dark moment of your grief.
Burdens he bore that stouter backs have bent;
Here was a man! Here was a President!
What though that wise, beloved voice be mute?
His works live on. He kept the faith. Salute!
The San Francisco Wasp. *Anna Blake Mesquida.*

GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN!

"Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."
—Longfellow.

Harding is dead! As sudden, unexpected
As thunder-peal from sunlit, azure sky
The message came! Deep, heart-born grief reflected
Upon a nation's visage, questioned "why?"
Why should our loved and honored one thus leave us,
Cut by the ruthless scythe of Reaper Time?
What earthly consolation can retrieve us
Who mourn his death in noble manhood's prime?

Led onward by the sacred call of duty,
With zeal he toiled his mission to fulfill.
His beaming sun of life went down in beauty.
He asked not "why?" It was his Father's will!
As sinks the glorious sun in golden splendor
When day is o'er—he calmly went to rest,
Pillowed by love's devotion, warm and tender,
Out in his precious country's sunset West.

Harding is dead! A nation mourns in sorrow
With her who weeps in anguish at his bier.
Can sympathy the Balm of Gilead borrow
To heal the wound? To wipe away the tear?
Oh, gracious God, in fervor we beseech Thee
Thine everlasting comfort to impart!
Permit a nation's fervent prayers to reach Thee!
Bless with Thy solace sweet each grieving heart!

We place our Ship of State into Thy keeping,
And fear no ill, if Thou are at the helm!
Bless Thou, we pray, our sowing and our reaping,
Protect our Land when dangers overwhelm!
Heal Thou the bleeding wounds of war-torn nations,
Hear Thou the cry of brethren o'er the sea!
Accept, we plead, our arden supplications.
Author of Liberty, keep Thou us free!

Our Harding lives! The patriot immortal,
Within America's warm, throbbing heart!
Though mortal hands can rend not Death's dark portal,
Nor tear the gloomy canopy apart;
He lives, and we shall see his footprints clearly
Implanted on the glowing sands of time.
The country that he served, and loved so dearly
Shall ever laud his memory sublime!
The Milwaukee Sentinel. *Anna Hoppe.*

TO THE FALLEN PRESIDENT.

Gray dusk—and a city on Puget Sound
Lies hushed in the silence of death.
All is still save the great groaning sirens,
The voice of Seattle, that mourns.

The heart of a nation is weeping;
The shadow of ages is close.
All America kneels in the dawning;
And—our President stands before God.

The Ballard Tribune. *Lucile G. Lohman.*

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING.

Vested with duty and a nation's power
He visioned Peace in spite of earth-wide fears
And sought to fend from war a troubled world.
Shall we not bear his message down the years?

The Oakland Tribune. *Laura Bell Everett.*

AMERICA MOURNS.

Beneath a sadly drooping flag
A nation bows its reverent head,
In retrospect, while murmuring
A tribute to the honored dead.

History's surging seas once more
Have tossed the sturdy ship of state
Upon the barren, rock-bound shore;
And, while it struggles there with fate,
The billows from an unknown realm
Have swept the master from the helm.

Another shadow deep is traced
In memory's fading twilight nook—
Another glowing page is placed
In history's most honored book.

The flag that once he gloried in
And served throughout a full lifetime
Has now become the hero's shroud,
Tribute returned for love sublime.
Lift the shroud back from his face,
Consign him to his resting place.

The Parkersburg Sentinel. *W. Merritt Taggart.*

A STEADY HAND IS AT THE HELM.

Our place "beneath the sun" is sure,
By justice shall our stores increase;
The Great Republic is secure
And beckons still a world to peace.
Though clouds of conflict loom afar,
They shall not vex our tranquil realm;
Our course is by a brighter star,
A steady hand is at the helm.

We covet not another's gain
Nor empire crave through fire and steel;
United is our vast domain
For Country and the Commonweal;
We bear the palm of wealth and power,
No foe we know by sea or land;
All hail the Pilot of the Hour,
Who guides our Ship with steady hand.

Our goal is not the spoiler's crown;
In ways of peace our pride shall be
To call the "airy navies" down
And scrap the dragons of the sea.
No swirling surge of sateless hate,
Nor flood of wrath shall overwhelm;
No storm shall shake our Ship of State,
A steady hand is at the helm.

The Week.

C. B. Galbreath.

IN MEMORIAM,
WARREN G. HARDING.

Columbia weeps! Bowed down with sudden grief,
A mighty nation yields itself to tears,
For Death, whose unstayed hand still reigns supreme,
Has placed his finger on an honored son.
Unbidden, unannounced the angel came,
And whispered softly in his harkening ear,
And he, submissive in his fortitude,
Bowed to the summons of the Infinite.
Today in grief insatiable we kneel,
Before the shrine of this immortal son,
That our devotion may in part reveal,
What mortal lips imperfectly express.

The Evening Capital News.

H. C. Wones.

THE HAND THAT HELD THE HELM.

Hope lit at eve the Golden Gate,
But fled before the break of dawn;
We woke bereft and desolate,
Our pilot and our friend had gone—
Had gone into the Silent Land
And left in sadness all our realm;
For cold and nerveless is the hand—
The steady hand that held the helm.

His was a kindly, knightly soul,
With nurture for a high estate,—
To run his course and reach the goal
Among earth's leaders, wise and great.
But with the promised port in sight
And plaudits ringing through the land,
He passed amid the stars of night
And lifeless lies his steady hand.

'Twas his to chart a stormy sea,
 Strewn with the wreck of conflict dire;
To hold, with iron constancy,
 The course to peace—a world's desire.
His meed the years to Fame shall tell,
 Nor time nor storm shall overwhelm;
He kept the faith and bravely fell
 With steady hand upon the helm.

The Week.

C. B. Galbreath.

THE BURIAL.

I hear the tongues of tolling funeral bells,
 That speak the gloom, the grief of this sad day,
O'er every land and clime the tumult swells,
 As our illustrious dead is borne away.
Round the whole earth the sable pall is spread,
 In every clime and every sea-girt shore,
A last sad tribute to our mighty dead,
 While nations bow and say, "He is no more."

Empires may rise and nations wax and wane,
 He sleeps in peace through all the coming years,
When shall the nations see his like again?
 We all may ask amid our falling tears.
His skill arose to meet the trying hour,
 He saw each cloud and heard each coming storm,
The nation saw his steady growing power,
 And clung still closer to his kingly form.

The years he lived are numbered with the past,
 He stood unique and in his place alone.
And with the march of time his deeds shall last,
 For he could grace an empire or a throne.
List to the tolling bells in every clime
 While sacred incense from our altars rise,
And hymns selected float in sweetest chime
 And onward sweep toward the arching skies.

See now the marshaled host with muffled drum,
 Rank after rank, they pass with measured tread,
Mile after mile and still the legions come
 While thousands view the sight and bow the head.
I see a thousand wreaths and banks of flowers
 Strewn in the path or hung along the way.
They drew their beauty from the groves and bowers,
 And lend their incense for this mournful day.

Rest now, illustrious one, while nations raise
A thousand monuments of love to thee.
Around the circling earth we hear thy praise
Wherever freedom reigns on land or sea.
Sleep on, beloved, though dead to duty's call—
Thy name shall live in memories of the past,
As o'er thy tomb the lights and shadows fall,
They mark a record that shall ever last.

The Buffalo Express.

W. F. Stuart.

IN MEMORIAM.

No, not dead, but sleeping.
Loving vigils angels keeping
O'er the form when life has fled.
'Loved disciple, cease thy striving,
Weary one, no longer stay;
Come, thou good and faithful servant,
Come to me, I am the way.

Fleeting as indrawn breath,
The harbinger of death,
On his mission sped.
'Twas the summons of the Savior!
Joyously the angels sing,
Welcoming the great crusader
To the counsels of the King.

The Ann Arbor Times-News. *Isabel Likens Gates.*

NOT DEAD, GONE AHEAD.

The President is dead, the flag's half mast,
The siren blows, the fog is thick, yet on she goes,
Reluctantly and sobbingly, as still as death yet throbb-
ingly,
For Harding's dead.

The flag's half mast, the stewards walk
On tiptoe and cease their talk,
The Captain gazes on the sea, and all it means comes
home to me;
The President is dead.

His wife, God keep her now alone,
The father mourning for his son, his friends, the
nation;
Yea, the world, we mourn him, all our flags unfurled,
For Harding's dead.

Done, mighty Lord, Thy will shall be,
Though we are in Gethsemane; the ship goes forward,
slow her stroke,
The fog is thick, our hearts are broke,
Since Harding's dead.

But is he dead or gone ahead,
By Christ, the mighty Master, led,
In heaven to work for arbitration and good-will among
every nation?
Is Harding dead?

Somehow I feel, somehow I know
He lives beyond the land of snow,
The midnight sun still guides him on,
Immortal till his work is done,
Harding's alive.

The New York Times.

Alexander M. Allen.

IN MEMORY OF WARREN G. HARDING.

But brief the time since we did sing
A welcome to our President,
With joyous hearts the days were spent
As we tried to show him everything!

Everything in which our land excelled,
Everything we wished or hoped to do,
So pleased he was, so boyish, too,
His kindliness our love compelled!

And now, so soon, his day is done!
Snatched from life while in his prime!
Grieve, oh, grieve, for this friend of thine,
Beautiful Land of the Midnight Sun!

He journeyed far when he came hence,
From his Eastern home to the Golden North,
His mission here to judge our worth,
His friendship to be our recompense!

Now his journey ends at the Golden Gate,
Death interrupts the plans he laid,
But not the friendships he has made
Nor the love that learns how to live and wait!

The love that knows not time nor space,
The love of the wife so brave and true,
O, Warren Harding, it shall plead for you
As you meet your Maker face to face!

But yesterday were our banners gay,
For you they flew from roof and tower!
O! we never know the day nor hour—
Our flags are at half-mast today!

Another shall rise to take thy place
And steer the Ship of State ahead,
But we know our loss, we mourn our dead,
The years shall not thy name erase!

Our voice has naught of tone nor power
To sing the praise that is thy due,
But the Brotherhood shall cherish you—
Forget-Me-Not is Alaska's flower!

Alaska, you said, should be a State;
May Harding be its glorious name,
Deathless, then, thy deserved fame
And fit would be the ways of fate!

The Ketchikan, Alaska, Chronicle.

D. A. Noonan, S. S. Admiral Rogers.

IN MEMORY OF WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING.

Dear leader of a mighty land,
Our cheers of praise are stilled in pain,
We question not nor understand,
Yet know our grief is not in vain.

Calm guide through years of doubt and dread,
With vision fixed on purpose high,
Your lofty spirit is not dead,
The deed you wrought can never die.

You saw the world in throes of hate,
With nations brooding over wrongs.
And war-torn lands insatiate
Muttering anew their battle songs.

And in your sweetly human way
You prayed for light and found the plan
Whereby the dawn of life's new day
Might brighten over troubled man.

Your monument, O let us rear,
Great captain, worthy of your name.
Built of the dream you visioned clear
For all the weary world's acclaim.

Your parting at the Golden Gate.
Your last farewell so true, so high.
Surely it was the word of fate
Winging across the startled sky!

Great-hearted friend of every child.
Comrade of every loyal son,
To death shall we be reconciled
Since you have lived and served and won.

The Berkeley Gazette.

Charles Keeler.

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING.

Amid the plaudits of a world he stood,
A towering figure on the brink of time;
A leader great—a statesman wise and good—
By Fate struck down in his refulgent prime!
At yon far western gate God gently called
His kindly spirit to the last great goal,
His death a shadowed, sorrowing world appalled,
Far stars took note where they eternal roll.

A nation called him out the helm to hold
Of the great Ship of State. He held it true—
Our captain brave, white-souled, clear-visioned, bold,
Has reached the harbor of a country new,
A Heavenly country, where eternal fame
Has carved in radiant letters Harding's name.

The Atlanta Constitution.

James Hampton Lee.

OUR LEADER.

Swift flies the message, "He is dead,"
And spreads afar o'er land and sea—
While millions mourn with bended head—
The kingly soul from Earth set free.

A leader of the people gone,
Revered and loved from shore to shore;
The thousands that he smiled upon
Shall see his face and form no more.

The weary heart that gave its best—
Whose love and kindness o'erflowed—
Shall find, we trust, a sweeter rest
Because it broke beneath the load.

He passes, but he is not dead;
His life and deeds, a nation's pride,
Shall light the pathway we must tread,
And be forever glorified.

The Boston Transcript.

A. S. Ames.

WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING.

Friends, look your last on him! No more that voice
So kind and mellow, will your hearts rejoice;
No more that tall, commanding form will call
Your joyful plaudits in the crowded hall;
That voice is silent, that commanding form
Is beaten down by an un pitying Storm.

In manhood's prime, when thought flowed deep and
clear,
At very summit of his fine career,
Crashes his golden bowl of life, and lies
With perished dreams, before the nation's eyes;
Bewildered, sorrowful, they pause and say,
Was none but him our ransom thus to pay?

Peace was the fiery cross set in the blue,
On which his mind fed ever. And he threw
The energy of a devoted heart
In that great cause, lived faithful to the part
Amid distractions of official life,
Censure of malcontents, and factious strife!

This pearl selected from the wreath of song,
Let me, one of the dense and careless throng,
Bring as a tribute to the leader dead:
Gracious will be the tears for him you shed,
And they will ease the grief you feel to learn
Ohio's favorite slumbers in his urn.

The Passiac Daily News. *Alfred Antoine Furman.*

WARREN G. HARDING.

He served the nation in this troubled day
When some cry "peace" with warring thoughts
within,
And others seek to glorify the sin
The people have divorced and put away,
And when strife's image with its feet of clay
Lies broken 'midst its demolition's din,
And smiting weapon only doth begin
To fill the earth, because of man's delay.
He served the country thus with kindly heart
And sought goodwill and peace for all mankind,
With trust in Him who cleansed the temple's mart,
Whose teachings nations fail to keep in mind.
He sacrificed himself to meet demand
Made needlessly on leaders of our land.

The National Republican. *Schuyler E. Sears.*

PASSING BY.

From wind-swept mesas of the West,
Across the prairies set thick with corn,
A silent traveler is borne
Toward home—and rest.

But why do men gather along the way,
Forsaking the fields with their ripened grain,
To catch a glimpse of this speeding train?

Because the still form lying there
Is but the symbol, somehow, of the thing
That each man dimly feels to be his own,
The latent greatness unexpressed;
Because each woman with a babe against her breast
Weeps while she whispers, "Such as he,
God grant my little son may sometime be!"

From sunlit steeps of the Golden West,
Through weeping prairies thick with corn,
A silent traveler is borne;
Hammer and forge all quiet lie,
The reaper is still—
And nobody wonders why—
For the *Soul of America passes by.*
The Colorado Springs Gazette. Nellie Burget Miller.

WARREN G. HARDING.

Where the Sunset tide laps the Golden Gate
As night's shadows fall o'er the western world,
A leader of men is touched by Fate
And Eternity's banners hang unfurled.

Over mountain and desert and fertile plain
Through the throbbing heart of his native land,
On its homeward way speeds the funeral train
While sorrowing throngs uncovered stand.

He kept the faith with a constant heart,
He did his task as a man should do;
He steered the Ship by the Master's chart
With a hand that was steady and ever true.

Mourn not for him. From Heaven above—
Elysian fields where the angels dwell—
Where life is brightness and peace and love,
The sentries of God cry, "All is well."
The Thermopolis Record. L. J. Duhig.

OUR LOST LEADER.

Through the red débris war had left
Behind it from the fight
He led us with a steady hand
Still upward to the light,
And safely set the nation's feet
On Freedom's mountain height.

Then, like a father tired with toil,
When soft and silver gray
The evening fog came rolling in
To San Francisco bay,
He closed at last his weary eyes,
And slept at close of day.

The New York Herald.

Minna Irving.

THE FLAG AT THE GRAVE.

Stream out, bold banner of the Free,
Symbol of all we dare, of all we here
Uphold,
Shine bravely o'er today's calamity,
Deck the black plumes above our chieftain's bier,
Temper the shadows of our future's grief,
Flash mystic rays upon our fates untold.

For while we mourn the stalwart soul
Of him crushed down beneath the heavy cross
He bore,
Fast trust we him who'll bear it to the goal—
Trust in the constant heart mid gain or loss
That will not fail us as he stands our chief,
With Lincoln, Cleveland, Harding gone before.

O Freeman's flag that typifies our love,
Our will, our nerve, our quenchless fire! we kiss
The rod,
But ours to lift our heads the mists above,
And by your starry gleams find what's amiss;
Then toil and toil to win our land's relief
Ere asking mercy from forgiving God.

The New York Times.

Joseph I. C. Clark.

HARDING.

Dead. . . .
The friendly dark
Of life's eternity
Enshrouds your soul:
We cannot see
The newer life
God dawns for thee.

The Chicago Tribune.

Ann E. Murphy.

TRIBUTE FROM KENTUCKY.

Not dead, but sleepeth ; and in that serene, immovable
calm

Whose bourn the silent march of time moves on
and on,

There lies a soul at rest ; a soul at peace. Reposed
Among the noble elect shall be in silence slumber
'Till time itself from Him that joyous call shall herald
"Rise up ! rise up ! ye faithful of the dead."

The Commercial Appeal.

Victor T. Cavender.

PRESIDENT HARDING.

Fallen like some mighty oak
When the mightier tempest broke
Suddenly from out the sky ;
Yet is strength the battleground
Where courageous hearts are found
Ere they die.

Life had its epitome
Thus in service ; lofty, free,
Aiming at a single goal
Fearless stood, full facing where
Patriots only ever dare—
Great of soul !

Yet to him lay victory
In responsibility ;
Burden-bearer was his fame ;
God-inspired and humbler grew
Till one brotherhood he knew
For every name.

Fallen ! Nay ! he cannot fall
Who has risen over all
Like a shining sun
Showing clearer all the way
Blessings for our land today
Nor yet is done.

The Chicago Evening Post.

Charles A. Heath.

REQUIEM.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

Into the broad Pacific's bosom
The sun sinks to his twilight state
And called by one who scorns denying,
Our Warren Harding meets his fate.
Then from the world's most vital station
A big, warm-hearted man withdraws,
While silence grips the Great Republic
And sorrow bows before its laws.

AMIDST THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

Beside a modest farmhouse table,
Among Vermont's night-curtained slopes,
A father's voice bespeaks the armor
That girds a nation's priceless hopes.
So to the chair of Vernon's sleeper,
The seat of Lincoln's plain display,
Led by America's gravest summons,
Our Calvin Coolidge comes today.

EPITAPH AND GREETING.

Columbia is wrapped in shadows,
A dark cloud dims a people's star,
But God is ever in his heaven
And near, when he may seem afar.
Ten thousand church bells toll the story
That flashes from the Golden Gate;
A hand falls limp, a hand is lifted—
Fare on, O Glorious Ship of State.

The Sioux City Journal.

Will Chamberlain.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

Laugh not today, nor use your tongue in jesting;
Sing not gay virelais, nor dance, nor play;
Your festive garb unloose, and put away
The timbrel. Soberness should be investing
Your features, sorrow deep your tongue arresting
Before it sounds. Sad songs alone today
Should part your lips. In silence go, and pray
In silent place, for a soul is resting.

More quickly than star-dark blots out the light,
Or coldness blacks the rose; and more unwarned
Than lightning from glad skies, at His behesting
Who makes and kills, a Shadow came to smite
A man. Then go—for one is to be mourned—
And pray—a soul, a noble soul, is resting.

The Milwaukee Journal.

A. H.

PRESIDENT HARDING IS DEAD.

Like a whirlwind blow it caught us
In the midst of sunshiny peace.
The angel of death came down from above
And whispered, "This great life must cease."

A wonderful soul was taken away
To rest with the Father above,
For He had need of His son up there
And took him away from our love.

Long, faithful and loving, his service had been
And now it was time for reward.
'Twas a merciful angel who hovered above
And tenderly struck with his sword.

Yet will the nation mourn his loss
And sorrowfully bow its head.
For a wonderful man has gone out of our life,
President Harding is dead.

The Milwaukee Sentinel.

Ruth T. Leonard.

THE NATION MOURNS ITS CHIEF.

Slow sobbing through space,
Sounding a Nation's grief,
Sad-toned bells are ringing—
The Nation mourns its Chief.

Flags droop in silent woe
Beneath sorrowful skies.
Softly a Nation weeps
As its great Chieftain dies.

The roll of muffled drums,
Throbbing with words unsaid,
Comes sorrowing through the night—
The Nation mourns its dead.

Slow sobbing through space,
Sounding a Nation's grief,
Sad-toned bells are ringing—
The Nation mourns its Chief.

The Casper Daily Tribune. *E. Richard Shipp.*

HIS RIDE.

Now he has taken his last, long ride to rest,
Across a nation, bowed with a common grief,
A nation of millions, mourning for their chief,
Fallen in toil for them; this work be blest!

His spirit with us, his soul above
In shining, heavenly robe,
Must speak a silent message, round the globe,
"I have the peace I sought; ye, too, may have, by
love!"

Companion of his life, brave at his bier,
Partner of his faith, his goal,
Must know the wondrous rest of his great soul,
Patient and kindly, now that "Love is near!"

And he has ridden his last long ride—to rest
Beneath his happy homeland sod to lie.
His gain? The supreme ultimate victory,
"Fallen in love for all his work be blest!"

The Commercial Appeal. *Frances M. Lipp.*

OUR PRESIDENT.

God's Will Be Done!
Hushed, is the voice that spoke but yesterday.
A beating heart has stilled forevermore;
While eyes that saw and, seeing, smiled or wept,
Have found the way to that elysium shore!
God's Will Be Done!

The while a nation bends its knees—
A nation that in sorrow grieves—
The spirit, to earth that he lent,
Has left its earthly tenement,
And somewhere now beyond the skies
It roams the realms of paradise!

The Buffalo Express.

Ralph Reid Rice.

DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING.

His star hath set, no more it beams
With bright effulgent ray,
And memories alone are left
With "Marion" today.
Earth's garniture around him lies,
Its glorious colors blend
Beneath the catafalque that bears
Our Country's Chief and Friend.

In the twinkling of an eye
Swiftly the message came;
Calm was the hour wherein he fell
For her who bore his name.
Within the shadowland of death
She stood by parted ways,
Beyond which lies such finer things
And heaven's resplendent days.

Life's sands have run their last adown
The hour-glass of time;
His soul hath touched the great beyond
And sorrow's test sublime.
Condolence we may offer there
Lovingly with bated breath,
The dear ones he has left behind,
He in the cold embraces of death.

But far beyond its shadowed hours
He hath entered into rest;
His soul hath reached the great beyond,
The Haven of the blest,
Where all is joy and peace and love,
For those who fall asleep in Christ
Arise to bliss, no tongue can tell.

Cleveland Catholic Universe.

M. S. Marchant.

WARREN G. HARDING.

I.

His friendly eyes are closed,
His human heart that throbbed
But for his fellow-men
Is still, and Death has robbed
The world of one who gave
His all that low and high
Might more contented be—
'Tis glorious thus to die!

II.

His smile no more will be
A lamp when darkness falls;
His gentle voice now lives
In Recollection's Halls,
But starry banners flung
Across eternal skies
Proclaim his simple creed
That kindness never dies.

III.

He was his Country's friend,
Bearing her burdens grim
On o'er the weary road
Duty had made for him.
Murmuring no weak complaint
Until to Death he yields—
Fell as his soldiers fell
In far-off Flanders fields.

IV.

Is Death triumphant?—No!
Until the Great Day's dawn
His spirit will befriend
The brave who carry on.
His mortal feet have strayed
The path by myriads trod;
His Memory will live—
His soul has found his God.

Atlantic City Press.

George V. Hobart.

THE UNCROWNED KING IS DEAD.

Today the nation weeps, her Chief is dead,
Her millions now are standing round his bier,
While all the world looks on and, sad with grief,
The nations bow and drop the silent tear.

Great was his fame, which spread to every land
Through the brief years that saw his kingly sway,
His name shall live upon the nation's page,
But who can paint the grief she bears today?

Borne on with lightning speed to every clime,
The sad news swept along the flashing wire,
And loyal hearts through all the wide domain
With solemn dirge have struck the sacred lyre.

He steered the ship of state with thoughtful brain,
By counsels wise he led his fellow men.
His deeds shall live like words that are engraved
In rocks of granite with an iron pen.

He led no battling hosts, he charged no foe;
Peace was the motto of his gracious reign.
While kings and kingdoms fought for fame and power
His heart would ache for wounded and for slain.

His end was that of peace, his hope serene,
So quick the change he did not say goodbye
To loved ones that had circled 'round his bed;
The uncrowned king was not afraid to die.

How true that life is like a golden harp
Which has a thousand trembling tuneful strings,
But when one breaks the spark of life is gone,
But to our aching hearts what grief it brings.

His robes of state are now all laid aside,
They are the emblems of a nation's fame,
But he shall ever live in loving hearts
That laud his greatness and his honored name.

Rest now, illustrious one, thy work is o'er,
Peace to thy dust, the nation now replies;
Bring wreaths and flowers in honor of the dead,
Till round him like a pyramid they rise.

The Buffalo Express.

W. F. Stuart.

BEYOND.

Who went forth to meet him
Upon that farther shore?
I think they pressed to hail him
As we had done before,
And thronged to see his sail come
And hearkened for his oar.

Who went forth to meet him
Who loved to meet his kind?
Not conquerors and captains
With banners on the wind,
But simple folk and homely
As those he left behind.

Who went forth to meet him
Who loved the healing grace
And bound the wounds of nations,
A brother to the race?
The Great Conciliator
Has smiled into his face.

The New York Herald.

McLandsburgh Wilson.

TO WARREN G. HARDING.

The Leveler has done his silent work
With icebound touch and grim sardonic smile;
Where yesterday a marked man homage took
Today a citizen but sleeps awhile
With deaf ears closed to rolling beat of drums
And kindly eyes no longer laughter-lit.
Those wide, warm palms where million hands found
rest
Lie unresponsive to the need of it.

What has it done, this premature, blunt end
To all the stress and struggle of his years?
A hundred million voices call him "Friend,"
With barriers down. All factions mingle tears
For loss of that sweet courtliness of soul
So rarely found, so seldom recognized,
So great an attribute that lesser things
Of seeming worth lie shadowed and despised.

Could all the nation pen his epitaph
One line would blaze unconquerable above
The record of his policies and deeds:
"A man whose simple sweetness won our love!"
The Baltimore Sun. *Anna Hamilton Wood.*

THE FRIENDS.

Stepped he forth serenely, stately,
As he were on peace intent;
Fain would know the certain message
Where the here and hither blent.
Stepped forth with the calm assurance
Granted all who with endurance
Have borne duty with firm presage
Poised by wisdom's clear content.

What he heareth no man knoweth,
Falleth fast the parted fold
Where he passed. One keen heart listeth,
Hearing Him who spake of old,
Riseth to enrapt desires,
The Nation's need inspires,
Nobly praise or blame resisteth,
Faileth not high course to hold.

The Springfield Republican. *Sarah E. Owen.*

A PASSING TRIBUTE.

Out of the pain, and through the mists,
And into the realms of light;
Not dead, nor gone, but newly born,
Like day from the depths of light.

Transcendent, yea, and glorified,
Nor deem he sleepeth whom we've lost
Ever, the goal lies just beyond
This silence he hath crossed.

Ever the price of life is death,
But few in passing leave
So vast a throng—a world in tears—
A nation by his grave to grieve.

The Springfield Republican. *Mrs. L. L. Purnell.*

POSSESSION.

A nation claims him, for he was her head;
The world regrets him, generous in deed;
Alaska claims him, fallen for her need;
But Marion, who gave him, holds him dead.
The Springfield Republican. *Mabel J. Bourquin.*

IN MEMORY OF W. G. HARDING.

“A great man has fallen in Israel.”
Not were war's rancors ended when he fell,
Though stilled the guns that shook the hemisphere
Through four years ruthless slaughter for a year,
Before his people called him. All too well,
He saw the tangled jealousies that tell
The nation's peril, felt the awesome fear
At the world's heart and read its lesson clear,
Meeting the threat with wisdom's calming spell.
Nobly he wrought and wonderfully achieved,
With moderation, poise, serenity,
Making prevail the creed American.
Now upon glory's bier, his harvest sheaved
Of ripened honors, crowns the activity
Bequeathing us the memory of a Man.
The Springfield Republican. *Edward Jackson.*

TO THE FIRST LADY.

Leader of women—American—free,
We joyously—reverently
Welcome you to our blue skies
And crystal air—our paradise
Of yielding valleys within the arms
Of the purple Wasatch.

We match in this our gift to you
Of Amatrice—Utah's solitary might,
Hard, indomitable as the sight,
The courage of her pioneer,
Unique as the inland sea at her side,
Mysterious as a bride to her lover,
This stone brooded over by ages
Bears no trace of time, no burn
Of sun nor wind upon its face.

This have we cut in gratitude,
Setting our homage with pearls
Of gladness, sego lilies
Of our hearts wreathing our welcome
To you.
This gift holds our earnestness to share
Our best,
The symbolism of our pride—
That we could find within our mountain's side,
A jewel not found in other lands
To lay upon your hands.

Suns gazing on our great salt sea
Burned its green mystery into this stone
That you alone might hold
The witchery of its trees, the softness
Of its shadows within the mold of your thought.
Bear this brooch away as a pledge of our joy.
Today in giving, we, too, have found a gift,
For we shall wear the memory of the hour
Utah held you as her guest tenderly
Upon the breast of our memory,
As a slender flower of gladness.

The Salt Lake Telegram. *Margaret Lee Keyting.*

TO THE WIDOW OF A GREAT MAN.

A world of wistful, fruitless hands
Beats gently on the fettered gate
Of loneliness, within which stands
Your life, undaunted by its fate.

And yearning hearts can only pray
That as you pass companionless
Someone may bless you on your way
By needing all your tenderness.

The Springfield Republican. *Majorie Seymour Watts.*

MRS. HARDING.

And now that it all is over
And she's just a woman, alone;
Who sits in the mute, sad stillness
With only her thoughts her own,

Will her head still stay up in courage,
And her will steel her never to shirk,
Now when a nation in mourning
Goes back to a nation at work?

When she's finding that all being over
Is never the end of deep woe,
And the bitterest part of bereavement
Is after the comforters go,

Will she still be the dauntless woman
As brave as the bravest at best,
With the sword that has stabbed her so deeply
Still to the hilt in her breast?

Somehow, it seems certain to follow
That she will, though she faint with the pain,
Because there are words she hears ringing
Again in her ears and again.

They will stay by her now, though she's lonely,
With all the comforters gone;
She will still hear them speaking in solace—
His words—"That is good! Go on!"

The Kansas City Star. *Mary Blake Woodson.*

PRESIDENT AND PAL.

Yes, stronger men may take his place and bolder;
Is greatness, after all, a thing so rare?
But his confiding arm-about-the-shoulder—
Ah, that, yes, that indeed is hard to spare!
*Laddie Boy, Laddie Boy, vainly you wait,
Watching for him at the White House gate.*

Let History record him for the ages
And Concord on her pillars carve his name;
This we shall write upon our own heart's pages:
"His friends he never forfeited to fame."
*Laddie Boy, Laddie Boy, why do you wait?
Sunset is dark on the Golden Gate.*

The New York News.

C. J. L.

LADDIE BOY.

Laddie Boy! you lie there list'ning
For a step that never comes;
—That noise rolling in the distance
Is the beat of fun'ral drums;
'Tis for him—the man you worship
—Do not strain brown eyes of love,
Laddie Boy, your master's footsteps
Tread Celestial paths above.

He is gone—a nation's mourning—
Many eyes are dim with pain;
Not alone your dog heart's breaking
For a glimpse of him again.
Laddie Boy, the price of living
Brings sore hearts—like yours today;
But your master in his going
Points for us the better way.

As you wait—brown eyes aglisten
For a master's face that's gone—
He is smiling at you, Laddie,
From the peace of the Beyond.
But his name goes down Immortal—
Death's the price he had to pay;
And he left a nation grieving,
Laddie Boy, with you today.

The Chicago Evening Post.

Edna Bell Seward.

LADDIE BOY.

You're waiting for a footfall
You never more shall hear—
You're waiting for a friendly call
From one you held so dear.

You're waiting for his winning smile—
His stroke upon your head—
You wait to fondle yet awhile
The hand from which you fed.

The step—the call—the winning smile,
The hand by death are stilled;
You wander up and down—the while
Your heart with grief is filled.

Ah! Laddie Boy! your master dear
Celestial paths must tread;
And we for you will shed a tear
In memory of the dead.

Could you but speak, you'd tell, I ween
Of love both true and sweet
For master now to you unseen
Whom nevermore you'll greet.

Nor do we humans understand
Why faith should have this test.
We only see His loving hand
And trust Him for the rest!

The Chicago Daily Post. *Virginia Conser Shaffer.*

GOVERNOR BAXTER'S DOG.

What goes to make a "Citizen,"
Loyalty—honor—truth?
All these had been in Garry's creed
From his youth.

He was good to little children,
He was everybody's friend,
Patient, just and kindly
Unto the very end.

Let Old Glory droop for Garry,
Of the honest, kindly face;
The spirit of the Stars and Stripes
Deemed it no disgrace.

And fly the Flag for Baxter!
As on through life we jog,
We seldom find a man so nearly
Worthy of his dog.

And when Garry's spirit wends above,
Released from earthly leaven,
Saint Peter'll bid him enter,
A Citizen of Heaven!

The New York Times.

Irene B. Cunliffe.

THE OLD DOG.

Beneath the pines still darkly green
And where the cedars sway,
A thread of sound from source unseen,
I hear the old dog bay.
The deer are gone these many years,
The forest ways are still.
And never a wolf the challenge hears
Ringing from hill to hill.

Only the brown woodlarks arise
Beneath the old dog's feet,
Or swift before his aging eyes
The plover's pinions beat.
But down old trails of other days,
Beneath another sun,
With unseen comrades through the haze
I hear the old dog run.

Is it a whistle, faint and sweet,
That from his dreaming calls?
Or is it the throb of soundless feet
That on the old trail falls?
Some old, dim memory haunts him still,
For near and far away,
Along the mead, across the hill,
I hear the old dog bay.

The New York Times.

Carolyn M. Lewis.

TUT-ANKH-AMEN.

(Concerning Sir H. Rider Haggard's Charge of Desecration.)

When a Body, long deserted
E'en when Cleopatra flirted
With Mark Antony upon the sluggish Nile,
Is brought back to human knowledge
By some high-brow trained at college
I, for one, would like to gaze at it awhile!

Fain I'd stand beside it, gazing
Overwhelmed by thoughts amazing
Of the days when Tut-ankh-Amen ruled as King;
Was life full of love and scandal—
Did he find it worth the candle—
In that far-off day in which he had his fling?

Ere death changed him to a dummy
Was he debonair and chummy,
And his transmigrating soul—where is it now?
Can it be that it's surviving
And in Lord Carnarvon striving
To get back into the Game, no matter how?

Surely Fancy is a laggard
Nowadays in Rider Haggard
When he dubs this disentombing dire disgrace.
After centuries of zero
Tut-ankh-Amen's now a hero
Having won the Marathon endurance race!

Having graced a splendid exit,
Tut-Ankh-Amen surely recks it
Great to occupy such journalistic space!
And since tombs are dark and gloomy
And museums light and roomy,
He will certainly prefer the latter place.

I suspect that in a chorus
Rescued mummies praise great Horus,
Who restores them once again to sun and sky.
Tut-ankh-Amen will be happy—
Yea, and find it pretty snappy
When he occupies once more the public eye!

Vivifying the lost story
Of an age remote and hoary
Is a role to stir the haughtiest mummy's breaths—
And the cynic Mind confesses
That when once It evanesces—
Archaeologists are welcome to the rest!

Recrudescence so uncommon
May well startle Tut-ankh-Amen
But since Nature was the same long years B. C.
He'll be proud, though flabbergasted,
To perceive how well he's lasted
For his renaissance in 1923!

The New York Times.

Francis Wilson.

TUT-ANKH-AMEN.

However once he wore that dizzy crown,
However once, dreaming upon his throne,
All Asia and all Africa bent down
Prostrate before him, and his Queen alone
Dared be companion of his majesty—
Dust of these many centuries has blown
Across his splendor. Eyes that cannot see;
Lips whose last utterance is forever said
And silenced; royal feet that were so free,
Whose narrow tomb is now too wide to tread—
Lo, the great King, Tut-ankh-Amen, is dead!

They laid the lotus-flow'r within his tomb,
And it is dust. They heaped pomegranates there,
And they are perished into dust. The doom
Of desert dust lies thick upon his chair
Of sovereignty; forlorn the dusty gem
Fastens those crumbled garments that were fair
With golden needlework from breast to hem
(Wrought with forgotten needles!) long ago,
When once the mighty King was robed in them
And watched the scarlet sun, stately and slow,
Pass down his heaven—into blackness so.

Almost his memory was forgotten; he
For whom the tomb was fashioned; who yet lies
Waiting in his austere solemnity
To look again on blue Egyptian skies
Undazzled, and bend graciously to hear
Thousandfold plaudits of his pow'r arise
From thousand throats. Knows he the day is near?
Knows he that alien hands will touch his bed
And alien eyes be curious to peer
At him? For he whose lightest word was dread.
He, the great King, Tut-ankh-Amen, is dead!
The New York Times. *Mary Leslie Newton.*

TUT-ANKH-AMEN.

Tut-ankh-Amen, thy face benign,
Reveals a spirit rare and fine;
I gaze enraptured, I confess
It equals Khonsu's comeliness—
He the pure god of blonde moonshine.

So true in contour and in line,
It warms my fancy like strong wine.
Thy smile is like a soul-caress
Tut-ankh-Amen!

So I erect thee this frail shrine
Because of that sweet face of thine;
The sculptor's perfect art I bless,
That could such charm on stone impress
A beauty that appears divine.
Tut-ankh-Amen!

The New York Times.

Charlotte Eaton.

"LONG LIVE THE KING!"

I am not dead! . . . The clay that was the King,
Dead, yes . . . long since, and tranquil in the tomb.
The heart that beat one regal life away,
Quiet, these centuries. . . . The eyes that saw
A Queen's fair beauty on their nuptial morn,
Closed on her yielding loveliness too soon . . .
I was a youth, a stripling, when the light
Of Egypt faded out for me. . . . My thralls
Laid down my earth with pomp and majesty,
Mourning: "The King is dead." . . . They brought
my goods,
These glories that intrigued my little day,
Thinking they would illuminate the dim,
Vast solitudes of Death. . . . My little Queen—
Fair child just wakened into womanhood,
Warm with young passion, luminant with love—
She saw her King, her lover, snatched away—
Lithe arms that drew her to the royal bed
Limp, lifeless, cold. . . . She, too—"My King—is
dead!"—
Brought for my comfort living tresses shorn
From the dear head had lain upon my heart. . . .
The little glove her own fair hand had worn
One dear remembered day of days in Thebes. . . .
The alabaster jar of perfume rare
We both had loved. . . . She—even she—wept sore:
"The King is dead." . . . *Not one "Long live the
King!"*

In majesty and pomp, the bit of earth
That was the King they swathed and laid away
The Flame that was myself they did not see,
How that it leaped from out that silent place,
Nor passed across to their Elysium.
I am not dead! . . . I have lived oft since then. . . .
And I have passed, beggared, at the feet of kings. . . .
I have worn priestly robes, and heard dread tales
From anguished human hearts, bereft of hope. . . .
I have borne arms against a hateful foe,
And snatched at victory with bleeding hands. . . .
I have worn purple and fine linen—yes,
And looked—looked deep—in many women's eyes,
Kissed their white hands, and held them in the dance.

Her face—my little Queen of long ago—
In all my dreams! . . . A hundred happy times
My eyes and lips have told me, "It is She!"
But in some moonlit garden, by the sea,
Or dusk-dim wooded silence, as I wooed,
Always the Flame—myself—has answered "No!"

I have lived many lives, died many deaths,
Known all the poignancies of both, and run
The gamut of all rapture, all despair . . .
Save that one rapture . . . and despair, . . . I knew
In Egypt—where they seek me, in my tomb!
The Flame that is myself leaps high today
In a Youth's breast. . . . A man, like other men. . . .
And oh, my fellows, can you picture, then,
The anguish when I read, as read I must,
Of these so royal trappings, that were mine. . . .
And Hers? . . . Ah—Hers! . . . These sandals
 pressed her feet. . . .
One starry night we walked beside the Nile. . . .
My scarab buckle . . . gift of love from Her . . .
"So, may you never die, my King," she said. . . .
And these Her jewels were . . . Carnelian, red
As the red lips I kissed and kissed again!
And lapis lazuli. . . . Hers, too . . . My Queen!
Blue as Her eyes were blue. . . . The linen robe
She folded soft about Her . . . as we slept.
I have died many deaths, I tell you. . . . Still
Let me die more. . . . Then live again, until
Some year of Youth shall bring Her to my arms!

Touch lightly the soft raiments that she wore!
And all the regal vestitures, I pray!
Remember that I am not dead. . . . I live. . . .
And hunger still . . . for Tut-ankh-Amen's Queen.
The New York Times. *Barbara Young.*

A RONDEAU.

Tut-ankh-Amen! Of race austere,
With only your winged Ka to cheer,
Like others of your royal line
In dusty state you've lain supine
For many a long and arid year.

You are, upon your mummied bier,
(Alas! I ween, 'tis drier here)
Of dearth and drouth the very sign—
Tut-ankh-Amen.

And yet I hope our prayer you'll hear
That, in some short three thousand year.
(I understand you're part divine)
We'll get, with others when we dine,
A chance on champagne, Bass or beer,
To tank! Amen.

The New York Times. *Lee Woodward Zeigler.*

ON THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

Horace, Book I, Ode XXXVII.

Now is for drinking!
Drink! What's the odds?
In joy unthinking,
Feast the high gods!

Now is for pouring
Caecuban cold
Ancestral storing
In cellars old.

Now is for dancing!
Come, comrades, beat
Measures entrancing
With happy feet!

For the haughty Queen who would ruin Rome
 Now is dead,
 And the sycophants who surrounded her
 Now are fled!
 All in vain her wiles on our Caesar's heart
 Did she try;
 And in vain her heady Egyptian wine
 Did she ply!
 Aye, the love she flung at our Caesar's feet—
 It was spurned;
 And the stately ships of her once proud fleet
 Now are burned!
 As the hare, the hunter, she fled from him
 In her fright;
 And he followed her as the hawk, the dove,
 In her flight.
 Yet she shrank not back from the naked sword,
 In her pride:
 Nor in woman-fear, on some secret shore,
 Would she hide!
 With a stony face on her ruined walls
 Did she look,
 And the deadly asp in her cold white arms
 Calmly took!
 No captive's chains on those queenly arms
 Would she wear;
 Aye, no master's look on a woman slave
 Would she bear!
 In the life of her, like a stately Queen,
 Did she move—
 In the death of her, all her royal blood
 Did she prove!
The New York Times. Roselle Mercier Montgomery.

MARTIN TABERT OF NORTH DAKOTA.

(A ballad to be sung in a minor key, but at the end
with shouts.)

Martin Tabert of North Dakota is walking Florida
 now.
 O children, hark to his footsteps coming, for he's
 walking soft and slow.
 Through the piney woods and the cypress hollows,
 A wind creeps up and it's him it follows.
 Martin Tabert of North Dakota, walking Florida now.

They took him out to the convict camp, and he's walking
Florida now.

O children, the tall pines stood and heard him when
he was moaning low.

The other convicts, they stood around him,
When the length of the black strap cracked and found
him.

Martin Tabert of North Dakota. And he's walking
Florida now.

They nailed his coffin boards together and he's walking
Florida now.

O children, the dark night saw where they buried him,
buried him, buried him low.

And the tall pines heard where they went to hide him,
And the wind crept up to moan beside him,
Martin Tabert of North Dakota. And he's walking
Florida now.

The whip is still in the convict camps, for Florida's
stirring now.

Children, from Key West to Pensacola you can hear
the great wind go.

The wind that he roused when he lay dying,
The angry voice of Florida crying.

"Martin Tabert of North Dakota,
Martin Tabert of North Dakota,
Martin Tabert of North Dakota,
You can rest from your walking now!"

The Miami Herald. *Marjorie Stoneman Douglas.*

PANSIES FOR MOTHERS' DAY.

How Mother loved the hollyhock, clove pink an'
mournin' bride!

Her pineys were a gorgeous sight to see,
And in her Chiny-asters, too, she ust to take great
pride,

Her bleedin' hearts was purty as could be.
She allus planted cockscomb, touch-me-not and mari-
gold,

And these here double poppies, white and red,
But nothin' in the garden ever seemed to take a-hold
O' Mother's heart quite like her pansy bed.

I made the mound they grewed in, underneath the
 lilock's shade,
And edged it round with clam shells from the crick,
They ust to look so timid—just like children, half
 afraid—
That Mother never had the heart to pick
The blossoms till they faded, and she'd kneel down
 on the ground
And talk to 'em so gentle and so good,
It seemed to me the pansies lifted up their faces round
And smiled back at her like they understood.

Yes, Mother and her posy beds are gone, and in their
 place
I've nothin' left but just a memory,
Though lookin' at a pansy I kin see her dear old face,
And all the past comes rushin' back to me.
Carnation pinks is purty, but I'm different from the
 rest,
For pansies stand for thoughts, I've heard 'em say,
So it'll be a pansy that I wear upon my breast
To tell of her who's in my thoughts today.
The Des Moines Capital. *George H. Free.*

THE WHITE CARNATION.

Mother who bore me, when I lay
Weak and helpless upon your breast,
And blinked mine eyes to the new born day,
Your soft voice lulled me to rest,
And banished all my fears away.
Love was the crown that wreathed your brow,
Mother who loved me, love me now!

Altho' your body was worn and weak,
Your soul sore tried and your spirit spent,
Your eyes were glad and your heart was meek,
Up to your God a prayer you sent
That I, through life, His guidance seek,
But I am weary and weak my will,
Mother, who prayed for me, pray for me still.

When life was splendid and young and fair,
Like a golden voyage on a sunlit sea
In a vessel laden with treasures rare
And bound for the land of laughter and glee,
You were the pilot who steered me there,
Guiding me safely when storms beset;
Mother who guided me, guide me yet!

You journeyed on to the better land,
Through the mists of doubt and the sea of tears.
And here alone at the helm I stand,
My way is dark and beset with fears,
And as I steer for the golden strand
Fiercely the waves beat o'er my prow;
Woman who bore me, help me now!

The Deseret News.

Lief McManus.

EASTER, 1923

Once more the Ancient Wonder
Brings back the goose and crane,
Prophetic Sons of Thunder,
Apostles of the Rain.

In many a battling river
The broken gorges boom.
Behold, the Mighty Giver
Emerges from the tomb!

Now robins chant the story
Of how the wintry sward
Is litten with the glory
Of the Angel of the Lord.

His countenance is lightning,
And still his robe is snow,
As when the dawn was brightening
Two thousand years ago.

O who can be a stranger
To what has come to pass?
The Pity of the Manger
Is mighty in the grass!

Undaunted by Decembers,
The sap is faithful yet.
The giving Earth remembers
And only men forget!

The Omaha Bee.

John G. Neihardt.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

Like charms to lull the dying year,
The Christmas bells are pealing;
And hark! Once more from yonder sky
The angels' song is stealing.
For nineteen hundred years and more
That strain of peace and glory
Has come to glad the hearts of men,
To tell the Blessed Story!

Alas! that sounds of strife and hate
Should well-nigh drown the chorus;
That earth which God made very good,
Lies stained with blood before us!
That man through all the Christian years
Has wronged, and slain his brother,
As if the Christ-Child had not come
To bid us love each other!

Alas! that want is in our midst,
And leaves its cruel traces
In wasted hands that may not work,
In crowds of haggard faces.
That festal days are days of dearth,
That homes are filled with sadness,
Which once, in better times gone by,
Were bright with Christmas gladness!

Hunger and cold, how hard to bear,
The empty grate, how dreary!
And still the bells are pealing on,
Now grow the angels weary;
And Hunger asks with sinking heart,
"What means this high thanksgiving—
This tale of peace, good will to men—
This struggle for a living?"

Oh, blessed Babe of Bethlehem,
What answer are we making
Brothers are dying at our doors,
And stricken hearts are breaking;
Thrice blest the deeds this Christmas-tide
Which, selfish love expelling,
Shall make that home a "house of bread,"
Where famine now is dwelling!

Sing on, sweet angels, though your song
Floats down to scenes of sorrow;
Ye tell of peace, good-will to men,
Be this the strain we borrow;
The Christ whom ye proclaim is here,
And shall we naught afford Him?
Yea, rather in his starving poor,
By love we owe restored Him.

The Pittsburgh Observer.

Manly Tello.

LIVING ROMANCE.

When chilling autumn rains begin
And hearthfires draw us all within,
I used to love a fireside nook,
A mellow apple and a book,
Curling on pillows with my cat,
Who cosey-close beside me sat.
How many a sweet, long afternoon
So richly spent went all too soon.

But now a leisurely half-day
So seldom comes a mother's way.
It would seem strange to lie and read
Without a care, and books recede,
Taking a further, dimmer place
When we've realities to face.

What story could be half so sweet
As planning children's needs to meet?
The tales our daily records tell
More thrilling far to me who dwell
And move within them than romance
Through which great heroines may dance.

And so, when I am passing through
On the small errands mothers do
For very love of household ways
And find these rainy autumn days,
The children cuddled near the fire
With apples, books of hearts' desire,
Cushions and cosey pussy, too,
All as I used to love to do—
I think their book romance is pale
Beside my human fairy tale.

The New York Telegram.

Clarissa Brooks.

SAINT LAZARE.

(The St. Lazare prison for women at Paris has been ordered torn down and its site to be transformed into a garden of flowers. Many condemned women here spent their last days, previous to execution.)

Daffodils at Saint Lazare,
Heliotrope and heather;
Brideswreath in little lanes,
Where lovers walk together.
Joy will come to Saint Lazare,
And when the daylight closes
Timid ghosts will venture out,
Like frightened moths that flit about,
And move among the roses.

The pallid ghosts of Saint Lazare
Will walk in pleasant places.
'Mid heartsease and mignonette
And little pansy faces.
Never heart so trouble-torn,
Soul so anguish-driven,
But will find a solace there,
Light as incense, swift as prayer,
On its way to heaven.

Peace will come to Saint Lazare,
Nor any sound of moaning;
With roses for remembering
And lilies for atoning.
Rest will come to Saint Lazare,
With never thought of weeping;
But summer noons and drowsy shade,
Where little laughing dreams are made,
And poppy buds for sleeping.

The New York Tribune. *Vilda Sauvage Owens.*

CAME A GOLDEN DAY.

Out from the gray came a Golden Day,
With sweet-smelling locusts in bloom.
The Weaver Supreme, as in a dream,
Flings the DAYS from his loom.

Some of them gay as a blithesome fay,
A'dancing the fleeting hours through—
And others so grave, we must be brave
As we search for the blue.

Came there a week of days bare and bleak,
The earth was enwrapped fast in gloom—
But from the gray came a Golden Day,
With sweet-smelling locusts in bloom.

Out from the Night came a Golden Light,
Embedded in seas of opals and pearls.
With wisdom intent, and happiness blent,
One blest day he out-hurls.

Patterns we need, that we may thus heed
Our chance for immortal lays.
In service we learn to live and earn
Heavenly measures of GOLDEN DAYS.

The Shawnee News.

Virginia Smyth Nolen.

SWAN SONG OF THE REDWOODS.

Today they are cutting the Redwoods,
Cutting the beautiful trees.
I can hear no sound in the world
But the cry of the falling trees.
As the scythe in the hand of the mower
Sweeps on through the standing grain,
The scythe of the Mammoth Destruction
Leaves ranks of the giants slain.

Today they are cutting the Redwoods,
Cutting the beautiful trees.
I can hear no sound in the world
But the cry of the falling trees.
In the cool of the deep hallowed places
Where were ferns sweetly bowed in prayer,
Hills and levels are grim, blackened stubble
Where were shadowy aisles, flowered fair.

Today they are cutting the Redwoods,
Cutting the beautiful trees.
I can hear no sound in the world
But the cry of the falling trees.
From the groves on the rich river levels
Where they stood since ages long gone,
To the tops of the blue-crested mountains,
Mows he ruthlessly, steadily on.

Come! Come, to our rescue, ye nation!
We of earth's first-born, last of the line,
We keepers of seals of her archives,
Must we die, in our grandeur sublime!
The Mill Valley Record. *Georgia Russ Williams.*

THE MISSION ROSE.

Each crumbling wall a story tells,
Each age-bent gnarled tree,
The faint chime of sweet vesper bells
Speaks of Time's mystery;
Of sandaled feet upon the road
Where brown-robed friars trod,
Though bent and worn beneath life's load,
The way led up to God.

Dear Mission of an older day,
Our heritage of love,
Now legend wreaths your towers gray,
And folds them as a dove
Folds its soft wings as noon draws nigh,
And dreams the hours long
Till roused by evening's gentle sigh,
Or some lone shepherd's song.

Yon rose some holy hand once twined
Still sheds a fragrance rare,
A link that all the centuries bind,
A solace and a prayer;
This lovely bloom beside the bell
Whispers of Faith's pure trust,
Of buds that bloomed and seeds that fell
To raise it from the dust.

The Los Angeles Times. *Mabel W. Phillips.*

MY HIGH HILL.

I came to my high hill in the cool of the evening
After my loneliness had all but torn my heart;
I came to my high hill and there were kind arms
 leaning
And the breath of tenderness and peace from earth
 apart.

Sorrow called insistently, pain waited near me,
But my hill put out a shield cool and unafraid;
So what was there in memory scarred with grief to
 sear me
When I found her benediction on me softly laid?
The New York Herald. *E. Shaw Montgomery.*

THEME FOR STRINGS.

I have found a paradise
In a far place
Where the wild-rose dances
With wind-blown grace.

High upon a sleepy hill
Watching the sea
With the cool grass singing
A song for me.

Yet, it's such a lonely place
To dream in long;
There's so much beauty
And so much song!

The Christian Science Monitor. *Oliver Jenkins.*

SPRING IN IOWAY.

There's somethin' in the atmosphere—invigorating,
 bracing—
There's somethin' in the way the sun peeks out at
 break of day,
That sets the lips to singing, makes the pulses start
 to racing,
And says as plain as words could do "It's spring in
 Ioway!"

The robin starts the chorus with "Wake up, wake up,
 'tis morning!"
The meader lark fair shouts with joy "O what a
 lovely day!"
The brown thrush from the treetop warbles out a
 tuneful warning
"Don't waste a precious moment friends, it's spring
 in Ioway."

The apple, plum and cherry trees are burstin' into
blossom,

The lambs and calves and little pigs all race and
skip and play,
And flowers—everywhere you turn you're sure to run
across 'em—

What other time is half so sweet as spring in
Ioway?

I've tried out lots o' places, sunny Californy caught
me;

I went out there last winter, but I'll take my oath
and say

That no place, nowhere, no time that I've found has
ever brought me

Such pleasure as the prairies when it's spring in
Ioway.

The folks that hail from our old state all made it up
together

To picnic in an orange grove, and everything was
gay

Till somebody brought on a gloom like clouds in sunny
weather

By sayin' "I would give all this for spring in
Ioway."

Don't you suppose the angel's, when they greet a new
arrival

And show him all around the place, feel proud to
hear him say,

"O everything is lovely, like they told me at revival,
Why, heaven's purty nigh as nice as spring in
Ioway!"

The O'Brien County Bell.

George H. Free.

ENOUGH.

It is enough to know that somewhere April
Has dipped a brush in green and splashed the trees,
It is enough to know that somewhere blue birds
Are mating to ecstatic melodies.

It is enough to know that somewhere petals
Will drift across the grass in scented rain,
It is enough, ah wind, that I am living
And Spring has tuned my harp to song again.

The Chicago Post.

Mildred Fowler Field.

FOR THE BEST.

From spreading boughs, old, gray and bent
The apple bloom had fallen, spent,
And so no longer could I see
Their loveliness upon the tree.
But still I knew within my heart
Earth's kindly fruit had too a part;
And as I fare on day by day
Some loved things vanish quite away
While others come, and then I see
It's for the best and good for me,
As lovely blossoms at the end
Become a fruit for use of men.

The Springfield Sunday Republican.

Florence Van Fleet Lyman.

TO M. D. C., WHO CARRIES JONQUILS.

Lady of the jonquils, of the windy, swaying flower,
Trumpeters of glory that herald in the spring,
In your garden golden by an ivory tower olden
Where dreams wheel upon the breezes with song
for a wing—
I am glad I know you and your turret and your
garden,
Glad of every golden horn that blows therein;
Their swung bells are sign of you, and it is divine of
you
To ring jonquils at my heart and then walk in. . . .
The New York Evening Post. Isabel Fiske Conant.

POPPY DAY.

"Pushin' up the daisies, Bill,
Shovin' up the blooms,
Feedin' poppies on a hill,
From our peaceful tombs."

Mac an' me was buddies then,
Fightin' over there—
Smilin' Mac-a-jokin' when
Grim death was in the air.

We'd jest been a wondering
What we'd likely do,
Comin' home and everything,
When the war was through.

"Pushin' up the daisies, Bill—
Reckon that'll be—"
(Mac he smiled and rolled a pill)
"Goin' home fer me!"

"Member, Bill, that poppy bud
Where poor old Lem lay dead?
Why, Bill, he'll never mind the mud,
With poppies overhead.

"Ain't as if we'd croak in vain—
When we're gone, you bet,
Folks'll be at peace again—
People won't forget!"

Poor old Mac he'll never mind,
Lyin' with the brave,
Blood-red poppies in the wind,
Noddin' on his grave.

Poppies growin' from his heart—
Seems like it's my own
Them poppy roots will bust apart
Since old Mac is gone.

Folks ain't all fergot, I guess,
And some will shed a tear—
Red poppies ain't fergetfulness,
And poppy day is here.

The Santa Fe New Mexican.

S. Omer Barker.

WILD PLACES.

The wild grape flower
Is sweet in its hour,
But loses its perfume
When cut from the vine.
Law in the wild is
A definite power
That takes no account of
Your liking or mine.

Here in the wild
Nature's law is unfailing.
This thing you may do
And that thing you may not.
Your wish and your will
Quiver back unavailing,
The wolf and the adder
Have also their lot.

This fruit will be sweet
And that fruit will be sour.
One plant will sting
At touch of your hand.
The yellow white mushroom
Has death for a dower.
The juice of the plantain
For healing was planned.

You are never alone, for
The wild things give warning,
Before and behind and
Above and below,
Guarding or menacing,
Fearing or scorning,
Eyes are upon you
Wherever you go.

This thing you may touch,
But that thing is forbidden:
Here you may go.
But pain waits for you there.
Leave the wild grape flower
Where it is hidden
If you still wish for
Its scent on the air!

The New York Times.

Louise Driscoll.

LITTLE MISS APRIL.

Sunlight and shadow, sleet—snow again!
Happiness, sorrow, hauteur—disdain.

Blue skies with white clouds floating about;
Glad looks, where dimples dance in and out.

Darkening and thunder sunshine to rout,
Moodily sulking, frowning—a pout.

Murky and chilly, drizzling appears,
Gloomy and stubborn, defiant—tears!

So is the program shortened each day.
Curtain, Miss April; enter, Miss May.

The Salt Lake Tribune.

Mrs. Clifton Brooks.

WHERE OCTOBER CALLS.

You ever told me of the wood
When once October came
And had I faintly understood
I would have quit the fame
Of sign-checked street and thorofare
Where men are many, and unaware
I'd sought the autumn's flame.

Last night it glowed within a dream,
As plain as plain could be,
Thru wood and glen; and it did seem
That there you answered me
While on I led, and held your hand
That both might better understand
The autumn's pageantry.

The laws of compensation lie
Behind all nature's plan,
Which lets no foliage ever die,
But further back began
The golden glory of the wood
Which I could not have understood
Beneath the city's ban.

So now I'm hoping for the day
When every eye can see
Beyond the cobbled numbered way
The beauties that there be
Out yonder where October calls,
Out yonder where the foliage falls,
A brilliant blazonry.

The Chicago Daily Post.

Charles A. Heath.

OCTOBER.

A scarlet flash against the green,
A spicy odor breathing low,
A hazy glimmer dimly seen,
A far blue mountain—aster's glow.

Fruits reeking in their juices sweet,
Brave dahlias burning by the wall,
With golden air and golden wheat
And golden sunshine over all.

The purple hills rest calm and sure,
A hush is in the air unfurled;
A primrose that shall ave endure
Seems hanging o'er a listening world.

A golden promise. All is gold—
Our friends, our hopes, our trust, our all:
While golden blessings manifold,
On nature and on mortals fall.

The Brattleboro Daily Reformer.

Eva E. Ames.

FUNDAMENTALS.

A little house, a bush, a tree;
A laughing child to play with me.

A task that fills the fragrant days,
But leaving time for prayer and praise.

A garden bright with pink and gold,
Full harvest as the year grows old.

For every day some bookly gain;
For twilight, music's sweet refrain.

A dozen friends with gifts of cheer,
And love, more tender year by year.

With these, and springtime at the door—
What mortal man could ask for more!

The Chicago Post.

Thomas Curtis Clark.

ARKANSAS QUATRAINS.

MOUND BUILDERS.

Cypress brakes were scarce emerged from dank
morass,
Long ere Inca, nor Aztec, nor Maya came,
Or History dawned—when the mystery came to pass
High altars were raised by men without a name.

HERNANDO DE SOTO.

He followed far the lure of gain; rare gold
He sought in vain; he crossed a river wide.
To wander o'er untrodden wilds and wealth untold,
To sepulture beneath its tawny tide.

ON CAPITOL HILL.

Where freely roamed the red Osage,
And Quapaws made their tribal home,
Now Progress writes a nobler page
Beneath the gold-tipped, marble dome.

MORNING IN THE OZARKS.

Far-sweeping the purple-heights kissing the blue,
O'er oceans of mist with shadows above it—
Sublimier the picture than artist e'er drew,
Rich settings for jewels that Titans might covet.

DIAMOND CAVE.

Here patiently wrought the Builder Supreme,
Thro' ages unnumbered, with chisel of Time,
Carving by magic a crystalline dream,
And rearing in silence His temples sublime.

ARKANSAS DIAMONDS.

Prime sunlight imprisoned 'neath mountains of Pike,
Released to sparkle on Beauty's white hand,
Far Kimberly only produces thy like,
By which Creation's ages are spanned.

THE MOUNTAINS.

Terraced ridges lifting mutely skyward
Their mystic shields of oak and pine,
The purpling horizon a far-flung Babylon
No Orient king could e'er design.

HOT SPRINGS.

From secret lab'ratory like magic flow
The miracles of its healing springs,
That here again the lame may walk and know
The power that stays affliction's sufferings.

AUTUMN FORESTS.

The flaming red sumac with holly is blending,
With riotous hues of the oak and the elm;
Rich splashings of rainbows in showers descending,
Hillside and glade with flambeaux o'erwhelm.

APPLE ORCHARDS.

Pink-tinted the opal-like oceans of bloom,
More fragrant than Araby's mystical bowers;
Transforming with sunshine, with wind and with rain
To luscious red fruitage for winter's bleak hours.

COTTON FIELDS.

Snowy-white, then scarlet, and foliage emerald
bright—
Long rows a-gleam beneath the autumn blue;
Then—miracle of miracles! Cascades of white
Are garnered to clothe the waiting world anew.

ARKANSAS RIVER.

Sired by snows of distant Rockies, o'er plains
Thy turgid floods by fringing forests flow,
By peopled mart and broad plantations,
By scarp and swamp thy waters seaward go.

MOUNT MAGAZINE.

Majestic pile sublime upreared by hand Divine
Above the wooded vales that shroud thy granite
form,
Attired in gorgeous garb of hardy oak and pine,
To smile at summer sun and brave the winter storm.
The Arkansas Gazette. *Clio Harper.*

MOCKING BIRDS.

To-night two crystal mocking birds,
Two little silver mocking birds
Two starry-hearted mocking birds
Sing in the moon's delight.

They fling out glittering silver chips
That fall as if from laughing lips
Or jewel crusted finger tips—
All in the moon's delight.

They fence with sparkling beaks of glass
That shine like steel, that glow like brass—
They thrust and fence and feint and pass,
All in the moon's delight.

They go weaving crystal rainbows in the moonlight
That shatter into tinkling cooling rain,
They go blowing silver bubbles in the moonlight
That float and break and form and float again.

* * * * *

They fill the air with wheeling birds
With flame-blue wings and crimson breasts,
With jet-black wings and silver crests,
That soar moon-wise and sing
Their own sweet, gay or plaintive songs,
My mockers make them all
There in the white moon's thrall,
There in the moon's delight.

The New York Herald. *Mary Marmack McDougal.*

THE COMING OF SPRING.

Charming springtime in Missouri is a wondrous time
of year,
When the crocus and the tulip and the violets appear;
When the meadows of alfalfa in their velvet coat of
green
Vie in beauty with the pastures to enhance the lovely
scene;
When the bees are seeking honey in the buds about to
bloom,
And the lilac bushes radiate a wonderful perfume;
All creation seems enchanted, and the fire of love is
bright,
For there's nothing so bewitching as a balmy moonlit
night.

Wintry blasts have all retreated to the regions of their
birth,
And prolific vegetation is emerging from the earth;
All the trees that are so barren when the snow is on
the ground,
In whose gauntly swaying branches there is such a
dismal sound,
Have now heard the call of Nature to revive and
make us glad
With a verdant leafy vesture, in which soon they will
be clad;
For the sap is creeping upward, and a breath is in the
air
Which will mean a transformation into beauty every-
where.

All the brooks are swollen torrents from the melting
ice and snow,
As the fields of wheat are greening and the grass be-
gins to grow;
While the robins are returning from their southern
winter home,
And are seemingly rejoicing that no more they need to
roam;
Happy meadow larks are trilling their delightful
roundelay,
And the turtle doves are cooing in their sweet and
quiet way;—
All the world is full of gladness when the birds are on
the wing,
And unite in tuneful chorus for their welcome of the
Spring.

The Kansas City Star.

Le Roy Huron Kelsey.

GERMANTOWN.

Lo the twilight is falling as softly as fleece,
On thy homes and thy gardens that give glad release
As the toiler nears thee and inhales thy sweet peace,
O Germantown!

Thou art loveliest now in thy flowery array
Like a bride with her roses and blossoms in May,
And thy beauty gives joy to thy children today,
O Germantown!

Now the sunset is flushing the West tenderly,
And it hallows the faces I'm longing to see,
In a home on the verges of Heaven to me,
In Germantown.

The Independent Gazette. Washington Van Dusen.

BEYOND BHAMO.

Beyond Bhamo where Chinese caravans,
With donkey bells and rich exotic loads,
Crawl winding over Himalayan roads,
Past villages of animistic clans
And primal jungle where the tiger reigns,
There tropics end; bamboo begins to share
The hills with violet and maidenhair,
And myna welcomes magpie in the plains.

Though I may live to fathom senile years,
Still will I hear the parrots' bedlam call,
And still the distant cry of apes will fall
Compellingly upon my restless ears,
Till I must pack a bag of dreams and go
To follow tinkling trails beyond Bhamo.

Jacksonville Daily Journal.

Wayne Gard.

SAN QUENTIN.

The waves, in minor cadence, lapping San Quentin
shore
Told of her expiation and sorrow evermore.

White seagulls preened their feathers, the glistening
rocks among,
But heeded not the mournful song the waves so gently sung.

Outspreading wings, one poised aloft, but ere it flew
away
The breezes stirred had fanned the cheek of one in
prison grey.

In fancy I could hear him sigh, suppressing still the
tear,
"Oh, had I wings that I might fly, far, far away from
here."

'Twas not all drear about the place. High courage,
kindness, too,
And firm resolve to overcome were there displayed,
I knew.

Sweet flowers grew within the yard, hope sprang in
many a breast,
Thus Love Eternal urged anew the spirit's endless
quest.

The Mill Valley Record

Joan Woodward.

"A WEE BIT O'HAME."

Jist a wee bit o'hame,
Frae ane that loes me sae,
Plucked in Bonnie Scotlan!
On the mountains wild and gray.

Jist a wee bit o'hame
Jist a sprig o'some wee tree
Growin' bricht an' bonnie,
In ma ain countrie,

Jist a wee bit o'hame,
Recallin' memories sweet
O' the times I used tae hae
Up an' doon oor wee bit street.

Jist a wee bit o'hame
A hame I lang tae see
Far ower the deep blue ocean
There's nae ither hame for me.

The Mill Valley Record.

Robert W. Stevenson.

SEATTLE.

Seattle, the city, the spirit of progress
Has changed you from cabins to towers of steel,
From paths thru the forests to highways and pave-
ments.

A pride in your wonderful progress we feel.

The spirit of beauty has given you fir trees,
The Sound and the lakes, heaven-blue in their rest,
The snow-clad Cascades, Mt. Rainier to the south-
ward,
And rugged Olympics that guard in the west.

The spirit of living has given you homesites,
With homes by the thousand where happy folks
live,
With schools and the parks and the boulevards stretch-
ing,
And health, and great commerce—What more could
it give?

But better than all, is the spirit of welcome.
You stretch out your arms to the world far and
near,
Seattle, God-given of all that is worthy!
Seattle, the best place the whole of the year.
The Argus. *Helen Emma Maring.*

BRETTON PLACE.

We've a bit of lovely England
With us here in Baltimore,
'Tis at Bretton Place in Guilford
With its charm of days of yore.
Here the quaint Shakespearean houses
Are like those in Stratford town,
With their queer old-fashioned chimneys
And their gables sloping down.
Here the tall gates, ivy girded
Seem to guard in solemn state,
A fair court of fairy beauty
Where old fragrant memories wait.
Now the spring has come to Bretton
And enchantment's everywhere,
Perhaps you may find Will Shakespeare
Walking in the moonlight there.
Perhaps you'll see a pixie
From his gay midsummer's dream,
Perched upon a quaint old chimney
In the moonlight's elfin gleam.
Just a bit of "Merrie" England
In the old romantic days,
Set with grace and luring beauty
'Mid our homely city ways.

The Baltimore Sun.

Maria Briscoe Croker.

SONG OF THE ARKANSAS.

Up the Arkansas I come,
Bringing all the might of Spain
To the wilderness:
De Soto, I, Spanish explorer.
Up the Arkansas I come,
Bowed by stalwart warriors,
Brawny, naked redskins;
Softly their paddles splash in oily water,
Cleanly they cut through the yellow waste of water,
And the music of the dripping water
Sings to me of Spain.

As I ride, as I ride,
Peering sharp to either side,
Trees and bushes crowd to see
Spain go by.
Straight ahead the round, hot sun-disk—
Glare I can outstare—
Tilting gold upon the river,
Spilling a golden footway on the river,
Trailing a gleaming train upon the water:
The darkness is a nimble Negro slave
Clutching with dusky fingers at the train;
And she is a courtly dame,
Powdered and spangled with good red gold.

Gold! Gold!
On the river!
Alight in my eyes!
Awkward hands drag a cauldron down the sky,
Draining a molten blaze into my eyes,
Flinging a golden fairway on the river.

Spain is far,
Spain is far beyond the waters—
Here, with my sword,
I will be king;
On that high rock
I will sit,
Taking the tributes of corn and dancing maidens
And glistening precious things—
I will be king!

Dance! Dance!
On the river,
Strange bright shapes;
Toss to the air
Your burning hair.

Up the river
Gray thieves come creeping—
Faster! Faster!
Give me the paddle!
Under their cloaks they hide—
They are snatching the gold of the river—
All the gold of the river! . . .

* * * * *

Nightmare creeps upon me;
Still the adventurous wind
Sings and romps with the river—

Up the Arkansas I came,
Rowed by stalwart warriors. . . .

The New York Call.

John Crawford.

“THE OLD HOUSE.”

Good-by, old house, so plain and bare,
My footsteps linger on your stair
For the last time. I shall no more
Come back when I have closed your door,
Free of your daily need and care.

To change and chances forth I fare
Mid wider ventures strange and rare.
Far from the narrow tasks I bore—
Good-by, old house.

And yet, you at my heartstrings tear
With wistfulness that seems to share
The guise of all loved things of yore
Begging remembrance. Each new shore
Shall your memorial shadow wear—
Good-by, old house.

The Wheeling Register.

Charlotte Becker.

AN IRISH MEMORY.

In a cottage close by Gowan Hill,
We gathered there one night—
The moon shone in a cloudless sky,
The stars were diamonds bright;
And as we neared the cabin door
We saw good Darby Glynn,
Creep slowly up the pathway
With his bag and violin;
There was Molly Lee and Pat McGee,
Sweet Nell Dineen and Marty;
In fact the neighbors all about
Were gathered at the party.
About the hearth, and sputtering turf
All restless to begin,
While Darby rosined up his bow,
And tuned his violin;
With reels and jigs and Kerry dance,
The hours sped along;
And when our feet grew tired,
O'Hara sang a song.
Well! Well! There are not many left
Like Darby and his kind;
Who played old Irish folk songs
With soul and heart and mind;
Although the night was long ago,
Still we think of Darby Glynn;
His coat of fringe, his old green bag,
And his singing violin.

The Gaelic American.

J. D. Monahan.

THE LAND OF MY DESIRE.

My heart shall utter poems all day long
In the land of my desire.
They shall be made of beauty and delight
And pulse with holy passion, burning-white.
Some radiant angel rapturously shall sing them,
Chanting to harp or lyre.
There shall be those who joyfully shall listen,
Fire answering to fire.

Thou'lt hear my dreamed-of, deathless, unsung song
O land of my desire!

The Springfield Republican.

Carroll Loupe.

THE MISSION GARDEN.

Over the patio the sun
Spreads wide its net of gold,
Ensnaring all the beauty that
A hundred years may fold.

Gray walls vine-clad with tender buds
Unfolding to the sky,
Cast leafy shadows 'round the tombs
Where dreaming roses lie.

And little winds come singing here
A-tiptoe through the grass;
The flowers scarce feel their trembling kiss
So gently do they pass.

Thus Peace dwells here forevermore
Enshrined with immortelles,
Breathing a message filled with cheer,
Like chimes of silvery bells.

The Los Angeles Times.

Mabel W. Phillips.

CARNARVON.

Beside the lotus-freighted Nile, as all aglow
Young Pharaoh loitered with his jeweled bride,
Cooling his wine with Abyssinian snow,
And dreaming of his scepter stretched world-wide,
He met the lord of lords, and bowing low
Turned westward with a humble: "Death, I go."

The youthful ruler passed, and all his glory came
To naught; his treasure-house was choked with sand,
Until a dreamer, glamoured by the name
Sought out the Pharaoh's trappings; in the land
Of silence waked the voice of ancient fame,
Drew back the ashes from the living flame.

Living? They glowed with life, those treasures rich
with red,

With gold and blue, that felt the Pharaoh's touch!
Still lord of lords stood Death, with gesture dread

He turned the searcher to the west, for much
Undreamed of waits him where the Pharaoh led.
He seeks the light beyond—he is not dead.

The San Francisco Journal. Eunice Mitchell Lehmer.

WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN.

Prancing horses and blaring bands,
Lions, tigers and funny clowns;
All sorts of beasts from foreign lands,
Girls in tights and fancy gowns,
Monkey-men climbing up and down,
And marching along two by two
The elephant and the kangaroo—
 These things you'll see,
 They'll all be free,
When the circus comes to town.

The world's greatest equestrian,
Camels, zebras, leopards and snakes,
Bearded lady and tattooed man,
Circassian girls—they are not fakes—
A fellow walking upside down,
Leapers, tumblers, contortionists,
Racers, wrestlers, pugilists—
 These things you'll see,
 They'll all be free,
When the circus comes to town.

A thick-skinned, double-horned "Rhino."
And a South American sloth,
A wild, wild man from Borneo
And a blood-sweating Behemoth;
Bears, white, cinnamon, black and brown;
Parrots, red, green, yellow and blue
That quarrel and scold like a shrew—
 These things you'll see,
 They'll all be free,
When the circus comes to town.

The Casper Herald.

E. Richard Shipp.

TO AN OLD CIRCUS POSTER.

Slatternly, worn, and faded in part,
Clown of the whole pictorial art,
Your Day was when you flashed on the eye
The folly and farce you glorify.

As to paper and paste and gaudy paint,
Extravagance, lack of all restraint,
Contempt for logic, yet power to thrill—
What a world there is in a circus-bill!

A poem writ with a tawdry pen
To indulge the wayward whims of men;
A weather-map with a board survey
Of childhood's fairest, happiest day.

How dear to our hearts your cheap romance
Of color, carnival, jest and dance—
Performance continued day and night,
Or as long as your face remained in sight.

And after all, if we failed to see
The actual show, your show was free;
How often we lived it over in brief,
Or invoked your spell to assuage our grief.

As age came on, with more command,
What hopes, what prospects were at hand,
Replete with wonderment and thrills
For all the world like circus-bills.

Till Time's bill-poster, Fortune, hung
New titles upon the boards, and flung
The tatters of tedious, gilded fraud
Upon the earth and the air abroad.

With a bigger date before our eye,
We let the precious weeks slip by,
And only the circus-days loom bright
To mark Life's passing and Time's mad flight.

Yet Life is rich for the hours we wait,
And the things we please to anticipate,
As love is deeper for some regret,
And peace for strife it will never forget.

The Jacksonville Daily Journal.

John Kearns.

A VERMONT POSTER.

Amongst the art-work laid one side,
If not deferred forever,
Them poster pictures of a hawse
I count as middling clever;
They stuccoed stable, barns and sheds
Where menfolks used to mingle—
Them pictures of a coal-black steed
Inside a white surcingle.

That curving crest, that right forefoot,
About eight inches lifted;
That barrel, jest the Morgan length,
That eye with brightness gifted—
If I could own a hawse like that
I'd buy some bells that jingle,
And have him wear 'em half the time
To save that white surcingle.

But if I couldn't own the hawse,
I'd like to be the printer
That struck them hand-power posters off
That stayed stuck up all winter;
The more I see 'em in my mind,
The more my nerve-knots tingle—
Who's got an old-time bill that shows
A hawse and white surcingle?

The hawse, he always looked the same,
Not gray nor bay nor sorrel,
But went by numerous different names
Like "Woodbury," "Black Hawk," "Morrill":
I'm thinking 'bout it lots today
Here by my gas-log ingle—
The head-and-tail-up, coal-black steed
That wore a white surcingle.

The Brattleboro Daily Reformer. *Daniel L. Cady.*

THANKSGIVING.

However far along the road I fare
I shall be thankful to the journey's end
That when I might have bowed beneath dull care
God sent to me a friend.

Though steep and stark the height which I must climb,
Through veil of mist or shadow of the night,
I shall be grateful to the close of time
God lent to me a light.

However hard the years which stretch before
Though every hour be tinged with dusky gray,
I will remember that God gave of yore
One perfect flaming day.

Though silence may surround me like a wall
I shall keep gratitude my whole life long,
For in the days now passed beyond recall
God let me hear a song.

Should I bend like a coward beneath the rod
Of circumstance? Nay, let me rather be
Erect and strong, to better praise the God
Who gave so much of loveliness to me.

The New York Herald.

Elizabeth Scollard.

THANKSGIVING.

For many things, for which we humbly raise
Our heartfelt meed of gratitude, and praise,
To the Great Giver of good gifts, and we
Give out again to all humanity.
And in our hearts the prayer that we would pray
God help the little people far away.

God help the folk who write simply to say:
"If we could get enough potatoes, day by day,
And just a little bread, why they would be
All we would ask in stricken Germany."
O Heavenly Father, teach Thy flock to know
All are Thy children, Thou hast told us so.

Then can we feast while other children crave
The bare necessities? Our hearts are brave
From never knowing all that these have known
Of want and sorrow in a land alone!
Knowing our blindness, Lord, we humbly say:
Incline our hearts to do the things we pray.

The Buffalo Express.

Phoebe A. Naylor.

A YOUNG WAR WIDOW.

(On Poppy Day.)

This is the day when I shall wear
Three red poppies in my hair.

Three red poppies, red as blood—
Symbols of my widowhood.

Poppies look gay in hair like mine,
Gay as the sparkle of rich-hued wine,

And when I smile from a broken heart,
People will wonder and whisper apart.

"She has forgotten!" I hear them say,
"And flaunts red flowers in bold display!"

But these red poppies are signs to me
Of a blood-stained grave across the sea.

I shall wear one for a woman's loss—
The grief of a Mary at Calvary's Cross.

And one for the buddies who lie at his side,
Bravely they fought and nobly died:

Two red poppies upon my head
Are heart's-blood tokens for the dead.

The third I'll wear for a woman's plea
That we shall cherish eternally

The flag of our soldiers who perished in France,
Keeping the faith with devout vigilance.

This is the day when I shall wear
Three red poppies in my hair.

Poppies today are in street and mart—
I wear them forever, in my heart.

The Santa Fe New Mexican.

S. Omar Barker.

"BURNED POEMS."

Today I killed my children, one by one—
My child with flaming heart who dared the sun,
My child with mystic pools of somber eyes,
My child of sweet and lovely ecstasies.
I killed them all with my own hands—and so
You need not fear. No one will ever know.

The New York Herald. *Mary Carmack McDougal.*

A COLLOQUY BEFORE THE BALL.

Stay home? No, wife, I would not hold you here.
Go out, if that's your wish! Enjoy your fun!
Go out and don't regret that I remain
Mocked by the heavy years that anchor me
Within the dull, old harbor of our home.
Go, leave me here! I'll smoke and then to bed.

A kiss? Why, bless your heart, most willingly!
Ah, wife your roguish eyes retain the art
That saved me from an errant bachelorhood.
Your waist recalls a vigor to my arm.
There! * * * Leave me now, I am resigned,
content
To know you're whirling off to melody
Borne by some nimble boy, whose dad, no doubt,
Is like myself, too tired and awkward and—
Too full of dinner to go out at night.

Still here? I thought that you had gone. Your glove?
How should I know? Why, yes, I see it now,
Forgotten near the hearth. I must have dozed
To miss it lying there. Yes, dozed, and dreamed.
Yet, ah, what matters it! I am ashamed
To dream. Especially, the dream I dreamed.
A man, my age, is weak who doubles back
To view some things he only half enjoyed.
You smile! You doubt my words? Excuse me, dear.
My tongue is rude tonight. Go to the dance!
Forget my worn and drowsy company
For lively airs. Go, on! You're not to blame
For loving music. Go! Lord, how I rave!

What now, my dear? Again? Your lips are warm!
Now go! Had Junior lived to fill these halls
With merry noise I would not mind this hour.
Yet then, I doubt that I'd have let you go.
What's this? Why weep? I see no cause for tears!
Not going out, you say? But think! Your gown!
Don't mention gowns? Our music? Well, I swear!
Move, just a little, dear—I think I'll smoke.

The Kansas City Star.

Lowe W. Wren.

Cock Robin



Though life departs to seek new ways of truth,
Men hold to some clear memories of youth.
Of these, the hole that pierced the garden wall—
The chink through which I spied Cock Robin's fall—
Returns to me the same as when I stood
A guileless captive to its neighborhood.

And here, Cock Robin sought each happy day
To catch such bugs as hunger made him slay.
And here upon the wall he preened his coat,
A garment, drab beyond his breast and throat,
Deceiving one to think him poorly dressed,
Until you saw how brilliant was his vest.
To me, a child, as jaunty did he look
As any soldier in my picture book.
His love of neatness, too, I now recall,
For when replete, he always hopped the wall
To clean his gallant sword with dainty care
And, ere he left, to chirp some saucy air.

Again, by that remembered wall I see
The day on which a cat crept by my knee
And stole so low her body raked the soil
To where Cock Robin, in his search for spoil,
Stood all intent to seize a wormy prize—
A trick that strained his skill and held his eyes—
For half the worm gripped fast to its retreat
Until the bird tipped back and spread his feet

And pulled the worm so slowly out, it seemed
The very fates conspired, or Robin dreamed
Himself secure, nor saw the danger near,
Nor heard the slightest sound to rouse his fear.
And I, who but a moment gone had flung
My voice in glee, now stood with silent tongue
And stared from bird to cat in such amaze
I leaned—still as the wall—and could but gaze.
With restless speed the cat approached her prey,
Now up, now flat, too cunning to betray
Her dark design, until not more than ten—
Then five—then scarce two yards remained. And then—
I saw her strike and heard the beat of wings,
Yet to the end, I clasped the hope which clings
So dearly to the heart—the hope that life
May yet escape its tragedy of strife.

Ah, still, I see Cock Robin's bitter death
As when, with youthful tears and quickened breath,
I watched a single feather soar and float
High in the air that loved his joyous note.

The Kansas City Star.

Lowe W. Wren.

Illustrations by Silvey J. Ray.

RE: MOSCOW ART THEATRE.

(A 100 per cent American Speaks.)

The wife says, "What you want to see them for?
It's only a bunch of dirty Bolshevicky
That's tryin' to turn the country upside down
The way they done their own. Why don't they stay
In Russia, where they belong? And so I says,
"Well, I'll go there and give the stuff the razz."

I stands in line for a couple hours or so,
And finally gets a seat in the gallery,
In with the foreigners and all the garlic.
The name of the show was called "The Cherry
Orchard,"
And the first two acts was sure the bunk to me—
A lot of people runnin' up and down
In a great big room, carryin' suitcases and trunks,
And whisperin' in the corners. After that
They sat around in a silly-lookin' field,
With hay, and done a whole lot more talkin',

And it sounded like they was talkin' English,
But makin' up words just while they went along.
I couldn't make out nothin' from the program,
And so I ast one of them Bolshevicky
Behind me if he wouldn't put me wise,
And so he says it was a real rich family
That didn't know how to manage property
Because they couldn't keep their minds on it,
And when they tried to talk, got makin' jokes.
And one of the birds that useta be a slave,
Or I guess his old man was, well, anyway,
This bird was tryin' to tell 'em what to do.
He says that they should take the Cherry orchard
And cut it up in little lots—you know,
Like Pleasant Heights—suburban subdivision—
That sort of thing, and sell 'em. And that way
They could save half the old farm. See? But they
Just wouldn't listen. They was nice enough,
But nit-wits, see? And in the third act, then,
They're havin' a dance, and waitin' for the news
From the auction sale. The brother went to the auction
With money that they borrowed from a aunt,
And just when they're havin' the swellest kind of a
time

The brother comes back. And he says the money
Was not enough. And so they lost the place,
And what do you think? That guy that was a slave
He went and bought it! And he comes in soused,
And yells around about how proud he is,
So then the last act's where they got to move,
And packin' up the stuff, and sayin' good-by,
And—listen, I can't make out yet how it happened
But when that great big goof looked at the orchard
And I could hear the axes cuttin' the trees,
And all of a sudden this six-foot bird breaks down,
And stuffed his handkerchief right in his mouth,
And real tears in his eyes—can y' imagine?
I just set there and blubbered like a baby
I sure do hope nobobdy didn't see me.
Just think of a bunch of low-down Bolshevicky
That can't talk even a word of English, makin'
A hard-boiled egg like me cry like a kid!
And me not understandin' what they said!
I tell you what. It's just like I was watchin'
A movie where somebody told me what
Was goin' on, and not a wild movie, either,

Hardly anything happenin' at all,
But with the best actors that ever was.
Why did it get me? I ain't goin' again.
I don't like things that I can't understand.
And yet can get me like them foreigners did.
The New York Times. *John V. A. Weaver.*

PHANTOM WATCHERS.

We who have never been
We who will never be,
Gather to mock at men
Here by the twilight sea,
Gather to jeer at men
Down by the phantom sea.

We who were never born,
Here by the chanting sea
Gather with ghostly scorn,
Mocking the things that be,
Jeering with elfin scorn
Men, and the things that be.

They carefully fashion fetters
And fetter their own strong hands,
Then they cry aloud for their freedom
And never one understands.

That they welded their own strong shackles,
That they but build to destroy,
They weave gray webs of sorrow
And grief where there should be joy.

They set up above them tyrants,
And fashion unequal laws,
Then whine at their own oppression—
That effect should follow cause.

They carefully build for ages
Great cities, and rear strong sons;
Then they shatter the work of a lifetime
In a flash of great-mouthed guns.

They incite each other to riot,
Revolt and ruin, because
They must throw off the law's oppression—
They who have made the laws.

We gather to watch and mock them
With laughter and phantom jeers :
The sound of our eerie laughter
Goes echoing down the years.

Poor little struggling, blind things,
Aimless and lost, forlorn,
Let us not mock them, Brothers—
We who were never born—

Let us but watch in silence—
They are more real than we,
We who are only phantoms,
Here by a phantom sea.

Let us not mock them, Brothers.
Pitiful, struggling men,
Tragic and blind and futile,
Such as we might have been—

We who have never been,
We who will never be,
Gather to pity men
Here by the twilight sea,
Gather to sigh for men
Here by the sighing sea.

The Oklahoman.

Violet McDougal.

HUMILITY.

In life's sweet morn, when lips divine
Taught me aright to stray,
Thy spirit, Lord! shone round my path,
And lit the unknown way.

The terrors of the night it chased ;
It calmed the dread of ill ;
And, in the hours of pain and grief,
Brought solace to me still.

It showed, of Right, the pleasant paths ;
Of Wrong, the darksome way ;
It moved my heart to kindly deeds ;
It taught my lips to pray.

Oh, gentle Spirit ! with the years
A time long failed thy light !
Was it Ambition hid thy rays ?
That wrapped my soul in night ?

But ever yearned my heart, dear Lord !
And oft I called in vain,
Till Thou didst kindly hear my prayer,
And send its aid again.

Youth's happy days have long since passed ;
Life's noon has come and gone ;
Yet, through the ever-varying years
Thy light has led me on.

The clouds of darkness, doubt, despair,
Before its beams have fled,
And sorrows, hard to bear, have turned
To blessings on my head.

Now, as the shadows draw their length
Down Life's declining hill,
When doubt and unbelief are rife,
Be with me, Spirit, still !

Illumine all the walks I tread ;
Make clear the unknown ways ;
Point out the pleasant paths of Truth,
As in my boyhood days.

Give me, as then, a prayerful heart,
Obedient to the right,
That I o'er darkness may prevail,
And live within Thy light.

The Deseret News.

Joseph A. Smith.

“YOU, TOO?”

You, too, John Harvard? . . . Will you add your
name

To the long, crimson chronicle of shame,
You who forsook dear Stratford's hallowed sod
To seek new shrines where each might serve his God
In equal freedom? Do you turn at last
Reentering black horrors of the past?
Pontius cross and Torquemada's fire,
The scorpion-scourge of Babylon and Tyre,
Bondage to Pharaoh, blows from Russian knout,
The yellow hat of Aragon, sneer and shout,
Exile, proscription, hatred—ghosts of sin
You call to life with this that you begin.

We have grown old in sorrow; suffering
To us is no untried and dreaded thing.
If you repeat what we have heard before,
And, like the rest, bar the half-opened door,
We'll take our staff in an accustomed hand
And wear old shoes to many a stranger land.
Sadly, with never a curse nor uttered pang,
We'll chant the dirges Jeremiah sang.
Our sole reply to this mad thing you do
Will be a weary, futile sigh: “You, too?”
We had a vision of a Western land,
Full of your spirit, by the setting sun,
New, free, where every man might boldly stand
Upon devotion given, struggles won,
That vision lured us over watery ways,
Consoled black nights, sustained through evil days.
And picked us up and set us down again
Where we might live, toil, study, love like men.
We've breathed the air of freedom, heads erect.
With roots deep in our country's soil, we swear
Wherever she may need us and expect
Our dearest service, she shall find us there.

* * *

Where are they now who spurned the folk of God?
Rome sleeps beneath her seven ruined hills.
The desert shrouds the tombs of Egypt, fills
The palaces where Greek and Persian trod.
We raise no sword; we threaten with no rod.
We bow and pass from the oppressors eye;
Yet justice, in some hidden way, from high

Unto the victim levels him who kills.
Wrath eats her own heart; envy turns man blind;
Scorn plucks the pinions from the soaring mind
And leaves it strengthless. . . . Pride has brought
Spain low.

Kaiser and Czar, who hated us, are down.
When we flee forth, the luster leaves the crown,
Eyes fail, life's pulse wanes, tremulous and slow.

What all have tried, you may attempt anew,
But will you choose their destiny, you, too?

The American Hebrew.

Julian M. Drachman.

QUEEN SUPAYALAT.

(A Legend of Mandalay.)

I.

King Thibaw smiled from his teakwood throne,
And greeted his guests in a buoyant tone:

"You two are the wisest of all my men,
So I beg you to counsel me once again.

"In walking the ways of my fathers of old,
By Buddha's grace I have gained much gold;

"Now a lordly pagoda I wish to build,
And its lavish pinnacles thickly gild;

"A thousand workmen at my command
Shall make it the comeliest in the land.

"Consider with care what style is best,
For this new shrine must surpass the rest."

"Like a Hindu temple let it be,"
Responded the noble Htaik Tin Gyi.

"Nay," Bo Shwe shouted, with flashing eye,
"Make a single spire to pierce the sky."

II.

A shuffle of sandals across the floor—
Queen Supayalat came through the door.

Her fingers tore at a waist of silk;
Her palm was a cup for dripping milk.

"Who dares have a better plan than mine?
Let this be the model for your shrine;

"For what is so fair as a woman's breast,
By the lips of a new-born babe caressed?"

III.

A thousand artisans scorned the sun,
With scanty rest till the work was done—

Till the walls were whitewashed all around,
And the peak with a golden nipple crowned.

* * *

King Thibaw long in the earth has laid,
Yet pilgrims flock to the shrine he made—

Hilarious Burmans on festival days,
Intoning their hymns in Buddah's praise;

For what is so fair as a woman's breast,
By the lips of a new-born babe caressed?

Jacksonville Daily Journal.

Wayne Gard.

DENIED.

I buy my gowns at Drefoll's;
Each seam and tuck and line
Accentuates my good points—
They say my form is fine.
(*But oh! my little neighbor,
Through all her busy day,
Looks charming in checked gingham,
Watching her children play.*)

My hats are straight from Paris.
Many a saucy bow,
Coquettish tilt or modish flare,
Or sweeping plume they show.
(*My neighbor has a halo
Above her shining hair.
Crowned she is by motherhood—
A crown not mine to wear.*)

I have sailed on many seas,
Traveled many a land,
Have seen Rome and Trebizond,
London and Samarcand.
(*But my tired little neighbor
Has dreams no money buys.
She sees the world—and heaven!
In her baby's shining eyes.*)

The Kansas City Star.

Patricia Loudermilk.

MARRIED AND GONE AWAY.

Everything's kind of lonesome,
Everything's kind of still,
The leaves are off in the orchard,
The grass is brown on the hill;
Everything's sort of shadowed,
Everything's sort of gray,
For little Beth has left us—
Married and gone away!

Two and twenty in April,
Cheerful and strong and kind,
Active and sound of body,
Cheerful and calm of mind.
Her voice was gay as a robin's,
But children and birds won't stay,
And now she has gone and left me—
Married and gone away!

I see her picture hanging
In the south room on the wall,
Together her's and her mother's,
Her's when she was small;
And the old clock out in the entry
Whispers and seems to say
Always what I am thinking,
"Married and gone away!"

And the bees that buzz in the sunshine,
And the chipmunk over the wall,
(Where the butternuts are thickest)
And the crows as they cry and call
And the cows and the sheep and poultry,
In their dumb, pathetic way,
Say, "Mistress has gone and left us—
Married and gone away!"

John is a likely fellow,
Honest and clean of heart,
A worker, careful and sober,
Yet ready to do his part;
Kind and a good provider
With money enough to pay,
But all I can seem to think of
Is "Married and gone away!"

Two and twenty in April,
And I "brought her up by hand,"
Her mother was dead and buried
Before the girl could stand;
For the child was born in April,
And her mother died in May,
And now she is grown and married—
Married and gone away!

Maybe I'm growing childish —
I know I am growing old;
For my skin is dry and wrinkled
And my blood is slow and cold;
But I miss her talk and laughter
And the things she used to say
Times before she was married,
Married and gone away!

John is a likely fellow,
And John has a lovely wife—
But I am none the better
And almost tired of life.
Nothing seems worth the doing,
Whether I work or pray,
For the old house keeps repeating,
"Married and gone away!"

The Springfield Daily Republican.

Arthur Goodenough.

BRACE UP.

Brace up and press on. Catch the light from on high
Where shadows are lost in the glow of the sky.
When perils encompass and torments increase
Press forward, brace up, cause your trouble to cease.
Seek strength from above.

Brace up and show faith. It is worthier far
To work out your course by the gleam of a star
Than lag in the gloom of some valley of doubt,
While courage is spent and at last flickers out.
Seek faith from above.

Brace up and stand firm. It will help in your fight
To put every cohort of evil to flight.
Each effort will strengthen and nerve you to stay
Till dangers and demons all vanish away.
Seek courage above.

Brace up, know thyself. Oft times weakest of all,
Quite ready to fear that the worst may befall,
Remember how God has placed you in His plan
And trusts you to play your own part like a man.
He waiteth above.

Brace up. Meet the tasks and you surely must find
Some cheer and good will mid the grit and the grind.
Seek it out, pass it on, helping others to go
With hope in their hearts through each struggle below,
To the promise above.

The Buffalo Express.

Millard S. Burns.

SHIP OF THE YEARS.

Too slowly the Ship of the Years from dreamy
horizons is drifting.

Blow on her sagging sails, oh winds, speeding her
wings toward the west!—

The west where the evening star her candle is quietly
lifting,

Where a lonely bird is flying and crying that peace
is best.

I, like the lonely bird, am weary of my heart's wild
beating,

Weary of youth with its splendor and laughter and
love that are pain.

I would seal my ears to the call that the mating larks
are repeating;

I would blind my eyes to the rose, to the light of
the April rain.

Oh Youth, sweet Youth, you are cruel, too cruel-sweet
for bearing:

I would sit in the moonlight all unhurt by dreams,
with peaceful breath.

Sail swifter, Ship of the Years—swifter! I would
be faring

To the haven where, with a quiet heart, I may look
in the face of Death.

The Boston Transcript.

Mary Sinton Leitch.

HAIL TO THE PIONEERS!

Hail to the Pioneers!

God bless them.

Saints of sterling worth,

Led by inspiration,

To subdue and till the earth!

And we who reap their sowing
In this glorious Promised Land,
Do we appreciate the toiling
Of that mighty, stalwart band?

They knew weeks of weary walking,
Pangs of hunger, pain and strife,
That we who followed after
Might have joy and ease of life.

With no roads or trails or bridges,
Still they plodded bravely on,
Now the rocks and spanless rivers
Are from this trail forever gone.

Mighty bridges span the rivers,
Roads of smoothness, wide and long,
Mark the way where weary travelers
Bravely marched with prayer and song.

Hail to the Pioneers!
May we never forget
Their toiling and praying,
Sublime faith and good cheer.

Courage in danger,
Knowing God is ever near.
And may they be with us
For many a year.

The Deseret News.

Ellen B. Richardson.

INSPIRATION.

If some great over-master
Should love the things I write
And urge me write them faster
To fill his soul with light,
Insistent with coercion,
Then just as like as not
He'd hang me with aspersion
For writing tommy-rot.

Without my tears and laughter,
My toil and many cares,
The evening coming after,
My love of many shares;
The grain-fields and the clover,
The trees—God's hand on mine,
His great heart brimming over,
I could not write a line.

The Columbus Ledger.

Lynas Clyde Seal.

TO THE "YOKE LON FAR."

O "Yoke Lon" dear, thou art so sweet, so pure,
With "Noble-White" you blissful grow;
Thou art the lovely "Far" that blooms most sure!—
God guard thee well from every blow!

Thy beauties rare, more radiant than the rose,
Thou art the "Far" I most admire!
In gardens sweet, whose perfumes round me close.—
God guard thee well is my desire!

(Second part)

O let me once more play the poet's part;
Fair "Far," the flower of great delight!
Thy charms, thy truth, enchant my heart—
God guard thee safe through day and night!

For me, thou of all art the dearest "Far"
Thy perfume pure, thy rich array,
Thy radiance like the "Evening Star"—
God guard thee safe, I humbly pray!

Note—Yoke Lon is the name of a Chinese flower. Far means flower.

The San Francisco Wasp.

Paul Hee.

PHIL. C. BAIRD.

He lived with men, but grandly walked with God ;
He planned and wrought, but best knew how to pray ;
Like his loved Lord, he went about each day
To bless. Along life's varied ways he trod,
Consoling those bowed down beneath the rod.
He met his tasks as if he went to play—
His happy face was like the sunshine's ray
That coaxed the flowers to spring forth from the sod.

His noble works shall through all time abound,
His monument, outlasting bronze, shall stand,
Because he built in love the whole world round
And sought to make Christ known in every land.
I hail him, precious friend, already crowned
In glory by the righteous Judge's hand.
The Oklahoma City Times. Samuel Judson Porter.

THE SNOW OF TIME.

There was a fearful night of storm,
And all at once there came a sudden peace,
As if the wind had worn itself away.
At dawn I hastened with alarm
To view the wreckage by the light of day,
And lo ! 'twas hidden by a snowy fleece.

And thus with sorrow, loud we cry
In dark despair, until with peace sublime,
Time comes to soften, that we may endure
Our portion. Time will modify
All anguish. Soft his touch, and tender—sure.
Time will do this for grief—the snow of time.

The Courier-Journal. Kalfus Kurtz Gusling.

A-VENTURING.

I'd like to give you happiness, a joyous bit of happiness,
A gleeful bit of happiness, to keep you feeling gay,
But I've a task so difficult, so very, very difficult,
So difficult from every view, that I must find a way.

So let me take you 'venturing, just you and I, a
'venturing,
A daring bit of 'venturing, for you and I are young,
And when we're far away from things, from all the
weary, dreary things,
We'll sing a song of happy things that's never yet been
sung.

And we will leave our pains at home, our weary little
pains at home,
The little pains that worried us as all the years went on,
But let us take our hearts along, our scarred and
wounded hearts along.
Our hearts, we'll make them whole again thru wonders
of the dawn.

For we shall see the dawn, you know, the silver dawn,
the purple dawn,
The dawn that's tinged with amethyst and turns a
golden glow,
And to our hearts a peace will come, a smiling, joyous
peace will come,
A peace that's born of happiness, and all the world
shall know.

So let us go a-venturing, just you and I, a-venturing,
A-venturing for happiness to keep you feeling gay,
And though the task is difficult, so very, very difficult,
So difficult from every view, I think I've found the
way.

The Lancaster Daily Intelligencer. *Ruth Eckman.*

THE SPOKEN WORD.

How oft we meet upon the street
The downtrodden of life,
Whose weary feet and eyes we greet
Indiff'rent to their strife.

How oft repressed within the breast
Voicings present but unheard;
Unconscious prayer created there
Dies but for the spoken word.

Oh, friend, awake! And joys partake,
Unloose the tongue yet unstirred;
Lend thy hand at thy hearts command
And speak the unspoken word.

The Detroit Free Press.

J. Roy Zeiss.

SHALL THE DREAM COME TRUE?

A breeze slipped out of the sea-flung spray
For a night of frolic and sport,
And just for a moment stopped to play
In a shut-in tenement court.
It almost died as it felt the heat
That oozed from the sun-baked walls,
And hurrying sought a way to the street
Through the narrow, stifling halls.

When out of a window came the cry
Of a child at its mother's breast—
The sound of a tired lullaby,
A prayer that the child might rest.
"I'll stop," said the breeze, "before I go
A-hurrying back to the deep;
By mother and child I'll softly blow
Till I soothe them gently to sleep."

The babe was hushed in its fretful cry
As the breeze blew soft and mild;
The mother ceased singing her lullaby
As she sank to sleep by her child.
She dreamed they sped from the shut-in court
On the wings of the cooling breeze,
And swift from the city journeyed forth
To the edge of the wave-tossed seas.

She smiled as her child reached out to play
With the foam that splashed at her side;
She bared her breast to the cooling spray
As it rose from the tumbling tide.
*But morning came and her dream stopped short
And she looked at her child with dread
As the heat poured down in the shut-in court
From a sun framed hot in red.*

The New York Evening Telegram.

William H. Matthews.

THE CHALLENGE.

He, Who made me the beggar, bids me go
And seek the kingdoms of my mortal woe—
To loose, at will, the straps that bind me fast,
And fortify my soul against the past.

New paths to seek, new crowns to gain—
These are the words that challenge pain ;
New foes to fight, new songs to sing—
These are the thoughts that comfort bring.

He, Who made me the beggar, bids me give
My all to Him, that I may, basking, live:
To come at last the way that all must come
Who wander from the fold to seek a home.

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

Baron Bay.

SONNET.

When, on the time my life—small candle flame!—
Shall flicker low and softly cease to be,
You peer into your dusk of heart and see
The roses that you grew about my name
Torn from their old, loved trellis, bruised and flung
Upon some chill, unsympathetic ground
By—who can tell—a Wiser Hand that found
Some taint in me to which your tendrils clung—
Some spreading, blasting rot that, breathed to you,
Would touch your deep-spread, healthy roots and
part
All hope of greater things to blossom rare
In deeper-promised glory—this thing do:
In your deep longing, touch your grieved heart
And say: "Till Death rejoins, she lingers there!"

The Chicago Tribune.

Hermione.

YOUTH SINGS.

There is not much in my youth's bright years,
Dancing with laughter, a-shimmer with tears,
That I have known ;
No grandeur of passion, or heartbreak of death,
Only the dusk and the dawn-wind's breath,
These are my own.

Only the fragrance of fresh turned loam,
Smile of a comrade, and lights of home,
Sun on the sea ;
Butterfly touch of a baby's hand,
Dawn of the spring in an ice-bound land,
These are for me.

These are the lyrics my heart has heard—
Wind in the poplars, call of a bird,
Flutter of wing.
Lest hurrying years should still my refrain,
Woven with petals and cadenced with rain,
Youth's song I sing!

University of California Chronicle.

Marian E. Wildman.

GLOAMING.

That time of day is the best when the sand-grains
Shadows inch-long will throw over the roadside:
Convex, the hills to the sky lift their bosoms,
Peacefully soft; all the valleys are purple—
Dark with the thick, nodding heads of the clover.
Then sets the great sun, and, after his colors
Have faded, descending from glory to beauty,
High to the zenith, the ethereal light-shaft,
Light of the zodiac, leaps with a quiver,
Pulsates a moment, celestially rhythmic,
And dies on the delicate green of the Heaven.

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

Abd-el-Kader.

HYLAS, I HEAR YOU CALLING.

Hylas, I hear you calling from the marshes,
Down where the water sparkles in the grasses,
Calling with the voices of a hundred fiddles
That Winter passes.

When I approach with noiseless footsteps, trying
To see whence comes the lovely orchestration,
Peering here and there, suddenly it ceases—
Not a vibration!

Then, after quiet waiting, recommences
The swelling symphony of Spring's magicians,
Violins played in couch-grass and celandins
By hid musicians.

Pleasant it is to hear your voice, O Hylas,
Arising thinly sweet when beaming Hesper
And the Pleiads rise, and young lambs are feeding,
And south winds whisper.
Still in the thrall of ever sleepless maidens,
Divine Eunice, Nychea and Malis,
The Argive boy is heard if one will listen
Beside the chalice.

Auburn-haired Hylas, waking all the marshlands
With your clear call across the thickets ringing
So near at hand, yet seemingly so far off—
Ah, sweet your singing!

The New York Evening Post.

Pierre Vivante.

FIFTY YEARS.

Fifty years spent before I found me.
Wind on my mouth and the taste of the rain,
Where the great hills circled and swept around me
And the torrents leapt to the mist-drenched plain;
Ah, it was long this coming of me,
Back to the hills and the sounding sea.

Ye who can go when so it tideth
To fallow fields when the spring is new,
Finding the spirit that there abideth,
Taking fill of the sun and the dew;
Little ye know of the cross of the town
And the small pale folk who go up and down.

Fifty years spent, and what do they bring me?
Now I can buy the meadow and the hill:
Where is the heart of the boy to sing thee?
Where is the life for thy living to fill?
And thirty years back in a city crowd
Passed a girl when my heart cried loud!

The Boston Transcript.

Maxwell Struthers Burt.

THE MADMAN.

He had made several fortunes in mining
And had lost them in oil,
But he spent not a minute repining
Nor missing his spoil.

He had risen beyond aspiration
And had fallen disgraced,
Nor troubled his heart that a nation
His name had erased.

But his soul with a woman's was pitted
And the girl threw him down;
Now that's why they call him half-witted
As he goes about town.

The Casper Daily Tribune.

Gene Martin.

JEWELS IN THE SNOW.

I was weary and heart-sick, this morning,
With an unrest, that at times we all know.
When I chanced to look out and saw, scattered about
Myriad Jewels, in the snow.
They lay like a broken Necklace, that's been hastily
cast aside,
Or a shining, gleaming Tiara, on the forehead of a
bride.

Rubies, that flashed and glittered, with a glorious
crimson glow,
Diamonds, that lent a luster, to the beauty of the snow,
Emeralds, that glowed brighter, than any ever seen.
Scintillating Topaz, with their shimmering golden
sheen.
Turquoise, shone with dainty fairness, colored bright
with Heaven's blue.
And the brilliant pink of Corals, blended with the
others too.

Soon the Frost King, sent his Envoys
To select, with painstaking care,
From the wealth of gleaming splendor
Crown Jewels, for him to wear.
Then the tho't was born unto me,
It was given me to know,
That God sent, to a heart, with sorrow spent
The sight of, those Jewels in the snow.

The Casper Daily Tribune.

Nailil Nigle.

ENFIN—

Red is the symbol of courage, red is the color of flame;
Red is the guerdon of passion and the badge of flaunted
 shame—

And the wanderlure is calling me down to the sea in
 ships.

Take in farewell, O Well Beloved, my kiss on your
 flame-red lips.

Gray is the symbol of sorrow, gray is the color of pain;
Gray is the guerdon of ancient grief that hurts and
 heals again—

Yet ere the gray seas bear me out where the dawns
 arise

I look this last, O Well Beloved, deep in your sea-gray
 eyes.

O lips that cling and murmur, O eyes that are deep
 with pain,

The red coals burn to blackness—gray ashes long re-
 main;

And I bid farewell, for the anchor's up and the winds
 in the cordage fret,

To gray eyes I shall remember; to red lips I shall
 forget.

The Arkansas Gazette.

C. T. Davis.

SONNET TO SOME ONE.

You are a very rara avis—and
That's why I am not saying who you are. . . .
But if you read this, you will understand.
That quality alone should take you far.
Besides which, you are lucky to possess
A sense of humor, mischievous and kind,
A faculty for spreading happiness,
A courteous nature, and an agile mind.
Nor do you dwell on some superior plane—
You're very much among the crowd; and you
Are glad to help, from carrying a cane (!)
To following all kinds of matters through.

If you were not so modest, I would tell
Your name. So just accept my thanks.

The New York Sun and the Globe.

Adele.

IS LIFE SO UGLY?

All day I've written things of deep
Intent and purpose, yet I weep
Because I see no beauty in them ;
I've simply done my duty in them ;

Is life so ugly any more
That all I write is just bare floor
To lay within four ugly walls . . .
While outside Summer laughs and calls?

The New York Sun and Globe. *Floyd Meredith.*

THE OPEN DOOR.

The door to my heart was fastened and barred
With chains of steel, and a merciless guard
Was my cynical youth and my pride.
And I thought it was safe and impregnable, too,
It was closed and locked, but it opened for you
And you settled yourself inside.

And I gave you the key and I gave you my trust,
So your perfidy came as a heart rendering thrust
Which only the future can ease.
But still I must thank you for doing your part,
For, now it's been opened, that door to my heart
Has a hundred more duplicate keys.

The New York Sun and The Globe.

George O. Schoonhoven.

BOUNDARY TREES.

There were two tall trees at the meadow's end
Left when the forest was cut away,
For boundary markers between the farms,
As custom was in an early day.

They stood in their places like kings of old,
Flaunting green banners against the sky,
Quaffing the rain and defying the wind
With mighty thrusts of their branches high.

From the sloping fields of their own demesne
They could see the river go glinting down
To the open sea, and the far blue hills,
And the winding ribbon of road to town.

In the years between I have wandered far
On paths of pleasure and paths of pain;
But if I could sight the boundary trees,
I could find my way to my home again!
The New York Sun and Globe. Blanche A. Sawyer.

LOVE'S BITTERNESS.

Although my days are spent in serving you,
And all my thoughts are toward your happiness
And though I try, in everything I do,
To show the love that I can not express—
I know, with utter, bitter certainty
That I have failed of my most precious hope,
And that you do not feel the need of me
As I feel need of you—you will not grope
For new, compelling forces that shall bind
Me to your heart. Nor will you ever know
The ceaseless beating on your anguished mind
That nothing you may do will make love grow.
I even think that when I die your grief
Will only be a mask to hide relief.
The New York Sun and Globe. Adele DeLeeuw.

EASTER ON RUBIDOUX.

Why do toiling throngs of pilgrims
Climb the heights of Rubidoux
When the sun on Easter morning
Tints the east with golden glow?

See you not the holy symbol
That surmounts the rugged crest,
Like Christ arms outstretched in blessing
O'er the thousands on this quest?

Oh! thou Christ who died upon it,
On Golgotha's blood stained slope,
Give us strength to climb and touch it!
Help us out of darkness grope.

Beautiful on Easter morning
Gleams the sun o'er mountain crest,
And his smile lights all the valley
To this hill the cross has blest,
Where the multitudes assembled
Sing in rapturous accord
To the Prince of Peace and Glory—
To their resurrected Lord.

"He is risen! He is risen!
Death no more shall blind the race!
Lo! the seals of hell are broken,
We are rescued by His grace!"

The Riverside Enterprise.

W. W. Ayers.

A SONG OF THE FLAG.

The Flag! The Flag!
The grand old Flag!
Lift the Flag! Lift the Flag!

From each shining fold
Gleams the story old
Of our sires
In the fires.
As in letters bold
Is the legend told
Of their might
For the right.

'Gainst the tyrant Wrong
In their valor strong,
Tho death hailed,
They prevailed.
And their stars spread light
Through the world's black night,
Far away
And for aye.

From their heart's best blood,
Poured in sacred flood,
Fair and true,
Blooms anew,
O'er the land they gave,
From far wave to wave,
Rich as gold,
Hope untold.

To that hope's full flower,
To its fruit in power
And the day,
When the sway
Of the Right supreme
Shall the world redeem,
Is our oath
Pledged in troth.

That in triumph best,
By all nations blest,
O'er all wrong,
Ages long,
In full glory high,
Shall this Standard fly,
As before,
Evermore.

Like our fathers we,
Sons of free men, free,
Will defend,
To the end,
And her sway maintain,
O'er the land and main,
With our all
At her call.

The Flag! The Flag!
The grand old Flag!
Lift the Flag! Lift the Flag!
O'er all strife,
Let each life
Lift the glorious, star-lit Flag.

The News-Herald

William P. F. Ferguson

WALLACE REID.

Now does each noble redwood bow in grief,
And night comes on:
Even the breakers sobbing on the shore
Know he is gone!

See, too—Young Love's eyes with mists are veiled—
Youth's heart is sad:
Since shadows fell across the path of him,
Who made all glad.

Childhood, Manhood, solemn-visaged Age,
Still plod life's mile:
But greater will our daily burdens seem,
Without his smile!

The Davenport Daily Times.

Jay G. Sigmund.

RESERVES.

When every gate of life is wide
For all to enter in,
I with myself must still abide,
Dividing sin from sin.

Evil and good are joint-acclaimed,
And yet my soul must choose.
Let those accept both unashamed
Who have no souls to lose.

Out of the murk of things that press,
Urgent, on hand and brain,
Rejecting none, I sink to less
Than gadflies born in vain.

I may be kin of moth and star,
Of slug and crocus bloom,
But at my will my door I bar,
Or give such kinships room.

Mine shall not be a palace built
To house the sins of pride,
Yet lightly shall I bear the guilt
Of keeping fools outside.

Not all the rhythmic dance of suns
Or protoplasmic ooze
Forbids my soul the course it runs,
Compels what I refuse.

Though hell may be the law of space
And death the law of time,
For my brief hour I hold my place
In earth's whirled pantomime.

The Boston Transcript. Lewis Worthington Smith.

"FREEDOM."

Up on the lookout, in the wind and sleet;
Out in the woods of tamarack and pine;
Down in the hot slopes of the dripping mine,
We dreamed of you, and oh, the dream was sweet!
And now you bless the felon food we eat,
And make each iron cell a sacred shrine;
For when your love thrills in the blood like wine,
The very stones grow holy to our feet!

We shall be faithful, though we march with death,
And, singing, storm the battlements of wrong;
One's life is such a little thing to give.
So we shall fight as long as we have breath—
Love in our hearts, and on our lips a song:
Without you it were better not to live!

The Oklahoma Leader.

Ralph Chaplin.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER PEARL FISHER.

You dragged an ugly mollusk from the river's ooze and
slime . . .

You sought rare beauty in a hidden place;
Milady's white throat waited for that precious, limpid
gem,
And I yearned to offer tribute to her grace.

Your grimy fingers trembled as you forced the mussel's
hinge . . .

A yellow flame lit your lack-lustre eyes:
The rattle of your oarlocks was a weird, mysterious
sound,
As you sped your flat-boat shoreward with the prize.

Milady soon will rest her dainty, shell-pink finger-tips
Upon the softness of a velvet box:
Your craft tugs at its moorings by a willow-fretted
bank,
Near a clam-bed where the hooded sheldrake
flocks. . . .

The Cedar Rapids Gazette.

Jay G. Sigmund.

PRAYER.

I do not always bend the knee to pray.
I often pray in crowded city street
In some hard crisis of a busy day;
Prayer is my sure and comforting retreat.

"Dear Lord, Thy help," my lips cry silently,
From swiftly-moving train my prayer ascends;
My heaven is not afar, but near to me,
And ever from His throne my Father bends.

Here at my office desk I ask His aid,
No matter where I am I crave His care;
In moments when my soul is most afraid
It comforts most to know He's everywhere.

The Cincinnati Times-Star. *George Elliston.*

LAW, NOT WAR.

Settle your differences by law not war.
And save your young—your young of every clime,
For life, and happiness, what good has war,
To offer you? can you point to a time
That profited the fighter? Nay, but he,
Spilled his red blood under another's goad,
Who used him lavishly, and cravenly,
Since he was safe himself, of a safe age,
To clamor war, and let another right it.
If some folks need a war—then let them fight it.

Settle your differences by law not war.
Call yourselves Christians? Nay, that is not right.
Save yourselves, be not dumb pawns,
Which crafty ones move round to win their fight for
selfish ends.

One life you have, one life, no more.
Then why give that, your only chance to live and love
—and thrive?

Will you be beaten out as grain on threshing floor, or
will you keep alive?
For your own happiness?

Mothers of men I pray,
Assert yourselves and win for Right the day.
The Buffalo Evening News. *Phoebe A. Naylor.*

SINGING HEARTS.

Once in the days of singing hearts—

Tira la lira lee!—

Jennie and Ralph had lovers' parts

Down by a purple sea.

Love learns the road to pain from bliss;

Count well the cost before you kiss.

Once in the days of harvest moons—

Tira la lira lee!—

Singing the reapers' harvest tunes,

They found the highways free.

Rose was the sunset, gold the fields,

Purple the hills the light last yields.

Once in the days of falling leaf—

Tira la lira lee!—

Deep in the woodlands sombre grief,

They mused that loss must be.

Red and yellow and bronze and brown,

Green turned ghoulish, they trampled down.

Once in the days of snow-blown haze—

Tira la lira lee!—

Hand in hand by the fireplace blaze,

Their hearts went back to sea.

Hard on the windows beat the cold;

Eye flamed to eye its treasured gold.

Still in the days of singing hearts—

Tira la lira lee!—

Jennie and Ralph have lovers' parts

Beside the ebbing sea.

Love learns the road to love's content;

Look to your gain ere the days are spent.

The Boston Transcript. *Lewis Worthington Smith.*

THE BURIED SHIP.

What chapter of unwritten history

Does it reveal, strange hulk that Admiral Time

Docked in the western harbor's depth of slime,

Its name and mission tragic mystery?

Forever sealed its log, its courses furled,

The relic stirs our wonder and unrest;

The elements have done their ugly best

To blot it from the annals of the world.

The past low-lit, the future in a cloud,
We helm our ship, Adventure, to the wave,
Far hope ahead, regret and awe behind.
Why, why does Fate stand ready with a grave
To greet Romance—with soil or water shroud
The elements so busy and so blind?
The Jacksonville Daily Journal. *John Kearns.*

THE HIDDEN ROSES.

Even now within the frozen stems,
June's roses lie concealed,
Till thrushes sing, and larks soar up,
And summer be revealed.
Even now in their enchanted sleep
Beneath the frozen clod,
The little baby-blossom wait
The summons of their God.

The snow-time and the winter storm
Will vanish like a cloud;
Soon spring will cast her swallow forth,
And May-trees blossom proud.
Rainbows will arch the sunny air
Lambs leap in every fold,
And through the dark, warm earth pierce through,
The crocus flushed with gold.

Winter, the discrowned king will cast
The white mask from his face;
And spring, his rosy child, with smiles
Closely the swallow chase,
From Night's black grave, like Lazarus,
The striving day comes forth;
The winter-storm sows seeds of joy,
East, West and South and North.

Spring comes with sound of whispering leaves
And songs of waking birds;
The joy of May-time is too great
To shape itself in words.
Soon buds will widen into flowers,
And summer be revealed;
Even now within the frozen stems
June's roses lie concealed.
The Pittsburg Observer. *Manly Tello.*

THE PAINTER.

If I could paint the sun at noon,
If I could paint the sky;
If I could paint the crescent moon,
And all the stars up high;
If I could paint the seven seas,
And all the lands between;
If I could paint the flowers and trees,
And the meadows soft and green;
If I could paint the setting sun
As it fades into the West,
When the work of the dying day is done,
And the spirit is at rest;
If I could paint the glow of dawn
As it mingles with the gray,—
I'd drop my brush upon the lawn
And bow my head and pray.

The Kansas City Times. *Henry Polk Lowenstein.*

CONTENTMENT.

What if I never reach the top?
The half-way house was worth the climb,
So if I fail, yet I have won,
For I've left the valley for all time.

What if I never taste the fruit
That hangs so ripe on the highest bough?
Only the spoiled fruit falls to ground,
And I can reach the branches now.

The Kansas City Star. *Velma West Sykes.*

A MORNING PRAYER.

Maker of days, another night is gone;
But ere I face the tasks that wait for me,
I pause a moment in the quiet dawn,
And lift my heart to Thee.

Thou art my guide, upon Thine arm I lean;
Wherever I must journey, lead Thou me;
Through deepest mire I know I shall come clean
If I but follow Thee.

Enlarge my vision, Lord, that I may see
A way to help my brother in his need;
Deliver me from hate and bigotry,
From selfishness and greed.

Thou are my life, enfold me in Thy love,
That when the day's temptations I must meet,
I shall not want for strength to rise above
Dishonor and defeat.

Then be Thou near me through the live long day
That I may know whatever comes is best,
And when the sunset fades to twilight gray,
Bring me safe home to rest.

The Kansas City Times. *Madelene Higgins.*

THE FATES.

Into a land of bloodshed, the Fates with their spinning
came,
Walking in silence and sorrow, each one thinking the
same,
Slowly the thread they measured, wetting it oft with
their tears,
Then when the yards were numbered, clipped they the
strand with their shears.

Then rose a cry of anguish, of bitter and poignant
grief,
Like when the sea, wind-driven, dashes against a reef.
So like billow on billow, ever the tumult sped,
Justice and scorn for the living, but sorrow and tears
for the dead.

Straight sped the news o'er the prairie, traveling with
lightning speed.
The sound of the shot and the horror at the cruel and
wanton deed.
Into each city and hamlet, into each dwelling and
room,
Death came attended with sorrow, and filled all the
nation with gloom.

Sad were the houses with mourning, half-mast the
flags were all flung.
For Death placed his mark on each doorpost, and
black were the portals hung.
And the people were bowed with anguish, and moved
with a silent tread,
For it seemed that in every household a loved one was
lying dead.

Thus was another milestone placed in the nation's life.
Love rose from her nest like the phoenix after the bitter
strife.

Now was the war forgotten, the glory of battles won,
And the people stood at the coffin and wept for its
bravest son.

Out of a land of bloodshed, the Fates with their spinning
trod,
Over the blackened meadows, over the blood-stained
sod.
And Peace came behind at the planting, pushing the
furrow straight,
Rooting up envy and discord and weeding out malice
and hate.

And the people rejoiced at her coming and welcomed
the sprouting seed,
Counting the cost of the harvest, growing o'er prairie
and mead.
Costly and fierce was the struggle, but their hearts
were now hopeful and brave,
For deep in the grave of the martyr were buried the
chains of the slave.

The New York Times.

B. Frank Hayes.

RAIN YOUR RAIN SOFTLY.

Rain your rain softly, April, for see
How the Spirit of Springtime weaves silently
A new world for lovers—these who shall go
More tenderly, Spring, that you willed it so.

The days will be better now, April child,
Now that your spirit runs deep and wild;
So paint your skies boldly, April, and shout—
From ten million throats let the glory out.

That great poet, God, who fights against death
Sends now on the army of green things His breath,
Behold He fights deep in you, April rain,
As you give of your peace and your pain;

As you give of your joy to the trees and the wind—
Something that loves and that knows to be kind;
So that wherever your gay feet have gone
Beauty and gladness will never have done.

Something of you shall pass into the bird—
A largeness and loveliness deeper heard;
Something of you shall run deep in the trees,
Shall lift through the grasses your symphonies.

Then rain your rain softly, April, for see
How the Spirit of Springtime builds silently
A great House of Comrades—these who shall go
With new joy on new ways since you will it so.

The New York Times.

Mary Seigrist.

COMMUTERS.

It's dark by five; the little station lights
Blow cheerful, yellow bubbles through the black
Sweep of a flying landscape; in the cars
They sit, hemmed in, worn from the weary day,
Laden with bundles; in their listless hands
The evening papers, with their thick, black smell
Of printer's ink.

Beyond the windows lie
Cool hills of snow, topped starkly with great trees,
And ice-fast pools of water, shining out,
Beneath the silver torches of the stars.
Long roads twist by, deep-rutted; houses gleam
In homely splendor, briefly glimpsed and passed;
And sleigh bells sound like elfin laughter; all
Roofed most serenely by the wide night sky.
Thus they come back; each to his bit of land,
Each to the arms that welcome; to the shout
Of rosy youngsters, racing to the door;
Each to that spark of fire upon his hearth—
The flame that lights an answer and a dream
Within his soul. Thus they come back to peace,
By snow-soft footways to The Open Door—
The humble door, the guardian door, of Home.

The New York Times.

Faith Baldwin.

A CHILD GOES TO CHURCH.

First, all the people sing and then—they say
“Our Father,” just as I do every day;
It makes me feel so proud, because I, too,
Know how to pray the words that Grown-Ups do.
Right after that, four men march down the aisles—
(My Uncle Joe is one; he always smiles
On week-days—but on Sundays, what a change!
Church seems to make him look so stern and strange.)
They all pass silver plates, and each one there
Must put in money, like you pay a fare.
I carry my own purse, and when it's time
For *me* to pay, put in a brand-new dime.
I like this part of church, but later, when
The man in robes begins to talk, why then
My thoughts, like birds, go flying anywhere—
(But God, who lives here in this house, won't care
So long as I sit still.) The sun shines through
Three stained glass windows just above our pew;
One of them shows a Shepherd with a lamb
Cuddled close to his shoulder. Oh, I am
So fond of him! Within that kind, strong arm
No little lamb could ever come to harm.
A lovely Lady in a queer blue gown
From out the second window frame smiles down,
Holding her Baby—'twould be great if He
Should climb down from her lap and play with me!
The middle picture is the best of all;
A bearded Man, tall as my father's tall—
Stands underneath a great, big, spreading tree,
And little children gather 'round His knee—
They seem to talk together like dear friends—
His face is beautiful.

When service ends,
The organ plays a lively tune, as though
It meant to tell us “hurry up and go.”
So everybody crowds to reach the door.
But I turn back to look at them once more—
The Shepherd and the Lady and the Man—
And say good-bye as often as I can!
Their eyes all follow me—they can not speak—
But church will be locked up a whole long week,
And they'll be lonely till next Sunday, when
They know I'll come to see them all again!

The New York Times.

Mazie V. Caruthers.

THE TRYSTING PLACE.

For happiness—I once did pray;
For happiness I sought each day;
In sorrow's vale I lost my way.

In quest of balm to ease the pain
Of aching heart and burning brain
My weary soul did grope in vain.

Then blessedness came seeking me
To set my tortured spirit free,—
And found me in Gethsemane!

The Raleigh News and Observer. Ellen H. M. Brooks.

TELEPHONE WIRES.

The telephone wires sing; they sing
In multiple and widely ranging chords,
The undertones are messages of death;
The low tones must be gossip, slyly told
With shamed and bated and unnatural breath;
The middle tones are friendly, daily talk—
Appointments, business, household interchange!
The high tones are a bit hysterical,
Self-conscious banter between men and maids;
The overtones, too thin to seem quite real,
Can they be voices from the otherwhere?

The Kansas City Star.

May Williams Ward.

ARMISTICE DAY.

Uncover! Salute that Flag!
We who are dead command you!

For the glory of it
We fought and bled
In that Devil's dance
On the fields of France
And now are dead
For our Love of it!

We who are dead command you!
Uncover! Salute that Flag!

The Casper Daily Herald.

E. Richard Shipp.

DUNES.

I saw a dune etched by small feet
In rhythmic beat,
 And a wind came,
 And a wave came,
And one by one
The little marks were rounded out,
The dune left lovely in the sun.

My heart as plastic as the dunes
Holds its deep runes
 Made by slow feet,
 Made by strong feet
Of years of pain . . .
Would that a wave or wind of dawn
Could smooth the sand of grief again.

The Boston Transcript.

John R. Moreland.

REDEMPTION.

His days ashore are spent between dim walls
Of dingy taverns, or where foreign feet
Along the frosty canyon of the street
Confuse him with their clamor, and he falls
Into a stifled longing that appalls
And leads to some lethean, low retreat
Of nameless vice, where lagging minutes beat
Their passage to the tune of barroom brawls.

But where the hissing, green-lit billow heaves
Its wrath upon his tempest-tilted deck,
There in its lonely, grey immensity,
Clean as a salt-washed spar, his soul receives
With lashing of the spray across his neck
The re-baptism of the open sea.

The Virginian -Pilot.

Francis C. Mason.

THE HIDDEN HOUSE.

Back to my House of Memories
I take me, bond or free.
Struggling, at times, to win release,
At times, full willingly.

The entrance way to memory's house
Responds to curious keys.
An echoed laugh may turn the lock,
Unmoved by anguished pleas.

With zealous care the servants there,
Make ready for the guest.
Grief brushes cobwebs from the chair
By Pain the couch is dressed.

Regret rubs briskly bitter words,
Until they gleam as new,
And by dull Misery selfish acts,
Are hung in glaring view.

Their wage I owe. Long since, they know,
I spent my hoard of petty tears.
Heart aches to fill their just demands
Have dulled down with the passing years.

But they are willing that my score
Be settled with a long, low breath
When I have closed my last account,
With him who loaned me memories—Death.

The Cincinnati Times-Star.

Ruth Neely.

TREATIES.

Peace?

Chain the fierce dogs of war and still their howl.
Are ye undisturbed?

The yellow fang, the throaty growl—
Are they lightly curbed

If once they gain release?

When the hell-hounds of combat are slain, not fed,
Ye may look ahead.

Peace?

Is the earth tranquil while under the snow
Sleeps the volcano, Wrong?

Its phantoms glow;
Will it be long

Before that slumber cease?

Not till the wrath of the crater has died
May right and peace abide.

The New York Call.

Joseph T. Shipley.

CLOSED DOORS.

The angel of the twilight has a little silver key
With which she opens every door that we close
secretly;
We shut a door of memory and drape the ivy round
And vow the secret hidden there shall nevermore be
found.

But in some dreaming evening hour the twilight angel
nears,
And in the hidden ivied door a memory appears;
And then we know how vain it is, how useless are all
schemes
To close forever to our sight the little door of dreams.
The Brattleboro Daily Reformer.

Arthur Wallace Peach.

SARAH BERNHARDT.

Superb, serene you stand, a queen of art
And of a deathless realm of love.
Lo! high in Thesbian halls your name is writ
A lyric boast, all other names above.

O gracious lady of the golden voice!
A host, adoring, worship at your shrine;
The beauteous beings of the old Romance,
Waked to new life beneath your art divine.

Fancy reared wondrous palaces of Dream,
And thither summoned from the halls of Time,
Lured by the sceptre of your mystic power
Came the historic Dead of every clime.

Camille and Tosca and old Egypt's queen,
A haunting, luring train of women fair;
The weak, frail son of great Napoleon,
And melancholy Hamlet's dark despair.

"In spite of all," a motto of fair fame
That honors you and your own native France.
Nor age, nor pain, nor circumstance can dim
The matchless splendor of your high romance.

O dauntless spirit, all our tenderness
Would circle round you ere your life be done
And thrill your patriot soul to feel the bond
That binds America and France as one!
The Baltimore American. *Maria Briscoe Croker.*

MAGNA CHARTA.

The Feudal Power lay like a blight
On Europe and her complex race,
And England's fate seemed dark as night,
For Saxons, shorn of power and place
By King and Lord and Churchman proud,
Were slaves to a usurping breed;
No Commoner dared speak aloud
Of rights, till the day at Runnymede.

That vale had been the meeting place
Of Saxon Councillors of old,
Prophetic spot, for the conquered race
Was championed now by Normans bold
Gainst those who would chain human right
To chariot wheels of church and King.
Thus to the Commoner came the might
Of Magna Charter's sheltering.

The Barons, Scions of the train
That placed the crown on William's head,
Had lived to see with high disdain
A worthless tyrant in his stead,
And with a deep, far-seeing zeal
Saw that, with King and church combined,
They now must frame for common weal
Laws that were just to all mankind.

The centuries have passed away
The King and Barons long been dust;
The Commoner who lived that day
Knows now a happier one I trust;
From that foundation Charta's scroll
The Anglo Saxon builds at need
Extending still the visioned goal
His fathers set at Runnymede.

The British-Californian.

Martha Newland.

I DARE NOT HEAR MUSIC.

You did not leave me when you said good-bye,
And kissed me, standing on the wooded road,
Saying you would return,—
You did not leave me then.
I walked apart,
Hiding this happy knowledge in my heart.
It was not that day.
It was another day
Long afterwards;
I looked about me suddenly
And you were gone.
Then I tried to bring you back.
Oh, every means I tried!
(Just as a mother tries
To bring to life again
The child that lies
Silent against her breast.)
I would not rest
Until I brot you back to me.
For many days, and weary week on week,
Long months—
Moonlight was no avail,
Nor sunset on low hills.
That wooded trail
Where we had said good-bye,
I walked alone.

I knew then you were gone.

Last night I heard a violin cry . . .
(We heard no music, you and I,
In that brief while
We were together)
Yet that music brot you back
Beside me for a little space.
I saw your face,
And heard your voice,
Mingled with music.

Tonight I am alone
With the old pain.

I must not, ever again,
Listen to violins cry.

The Albany Democrat.

Sarah Hammond Kelly.

A DAY AT LAGUERRE'S.

(To the memory of Hopkinson Smith.)

They've taken away the little Gallic arbor,
They've cleared and levelled all the garden, too;
No one shall know in future years the harbor
The artist knew.

Here, where alone, or with some poet-brother,
He paddled up the Bronx, through leafy lairs—
Hopkinson Smith, young, ardent for another
Day at Laguerre's.

Why could they not have kept its peace unbroken?
Poor sketch, torn harshly out of history's page!
What have we left, of all you were a token,
O Hermitage?

The winding stream is tamed and combed and cobbled;
Exotic shrubs are set in patterned marks;
The legioned workmen might be men who hobbled
From Noah's Arks.

Hopkinson Smith's thin shade from out its coffer
To his old haunts will never be decoyed.
O City Fathers! What have you to offer
For dreams destroyed?

The New York Evening Post.

May Folwell Hoisington.

LINCOLN!

Not in memorial halls of stone
Does his great spirit dwell,
But in the warmth of loving hearts
That serve their country well.
There through the changing years it bides,
Adown from sire to son,
A heritage of priceless worth
And blessings scarce begun.

The Buffalo Enquirer

Edward J. Denneen.

TRAGEDY.

Salt tears
Slowly trickling ;
A sweaty, dirty face,
Small grimy hands . . . a broken doll,
Real Grief.
* * *

The Casper Daily Herald.

E. Richard Shipp.

TO MY WIFE.

Marjorie, you are more to me than beauty,
More than love.
And yet these too inseparably are bound
In every thought and concept
I have of you.

In your fleeting smile,
And in the sweeter sound
Of your soft voice,
In every silken strand of hair that frames
Those calm and ever comprehending eyes
That see within my very soul
And understand and
Sympathize.

The Chicago Evening Post.

Joe Moreau.

LOVE IS A GHOST.

One should never return where the first love-meeting
Gilded the hills with glory ; the grasses, withered,
Hold but hurt, for the heart that seeks to recall its
Yesterday's wonder.

Hyacinths smell more sweet than do blooms immortal,
Seen when the first love-kiss is a trembling dearness ;
Trees are lovely as far off songs in the silence,
When one is happy.

Ah . . . but later, the spell of beauty is broken ;
Gnarled oaks frown, and their branches are weary and
tangled ;
Hyacinths fade and die, and leave but decaying un-
happy odors.

All is changed, and the glamour that once embellished
Bush and blossom is vanished, is gone forever,
Love is a ghost, who haunts the desolate woodland,
Dreary, forsaken.

The Chicago Daily Post.

Dorothy Dow.

IN FAR JAPAN.

In far Japan the people tread
In multitudes among their dead,
Whose mangled forms unburied lie
Beneath a pestilential sky,
Or burn where seething flames have sped.

With havoc all around them spread,
Their homes in ruins, men have fled;
For none can quake and flame defy
In far Japan.

Held in the grip of fear and dread.
The mourning millions plead for bread.
And famish while their wells are dry.
Oh World, before survivors die,
Your love and wealth upon them shed,
In far Japan!

The Baltimore Daily Post.

William James Price.

ILLUSION.

Love came singing down the way;
He sang of the flowers, birds and bees,
Of the lovely honeysuckle and blossoming trees;
He sang of the moon riding high,
Of the silver stars scattered nigh.
Finally I cried, go away, go away,
You shall not fool me today;
I know it is Spring.
Love hung his head
And forgot to sing.

The Dothan Eagle.

Scottie McKensie Frasier.

KIND WORDS.

How often, when our lives seem twisted, broken,
And we are groping in a darkened room,
Some half remembered words, soft spoken, tender,
Will come and pierce the heavy clouds of gloom.
For all the loving words and kindness shown us,
Though often half forgotten, lie in wait
To cheer us in some lonely hour of sorrow
Like steadfast soldiers waiting at the gate.

The Kansas City Star.

Katherine Edelman.

THE THOUSAND DOLLAR NIGGER.

I often think of Uncle Bill,
Straight like an Indian, copper-skinned,
Spading great lumps of clay-red earth,
His hairy breast bare to the wind.
He made our garden every year,
With rows of beans and sugar corn,
Potato-eyes in little hills,
And my! you should have seen his scorn
When, crowding round, we children begged
Him for a wee patch just our own,
To plant our peas and radishes
Behind the bank of grey limestone.
"Go on now, don' you bodder me,
For I's a thousan' dollar nigger,
An' there ain't nary one o' you
That ever could bring such a figger."

Then we would quail before his pride,
And promise to be very good,
If he might only tell us how
Our grandpa bought him, and he would
Sit down beside us on the grass
And say: "Now children, fo' de wah
I b'longed to ole Mahs William Smith
Who owed a debt to yo' gran'pa.
'I hate to lose yo', Bill,' he says,
'But things ain't gone so well wid me,
An' now I has to sell yo' when
I'd always hoped to set yo' free.'"

"So we rid to yo' gran'pa's do',
 An' he come out—all dignified,
 An' bit his lip an' didn't want
 To take me an' he couldn't hide
 How sorry fo' ole Mahs he was,
 But Mahs Smith he insisted an'
 F'om dat day unto dis I'se stayed
 Wid yo-all's folks an' dey's been good
 An' kin' to me. . . . Git off dat spade!
 Jes' take my cup an' ask yo' pa
 To give ole Bill a little drink,
 For whiskey he'ps me stan' de sun.
 I'se gittin' ole an' times I think
 I maybe can't hol' out to wuk—
 But den I draws up straight an' bigger
 All filled wid pride to 'member dat
 I'se still a thousan' dollar nigger.

"An' so I keep a suit o' clo'es
 All patched an' mended, spick an' span,
 To wear when I am dead an' go'es
 To meet ole Mahster, a free man."

The Boston Transcript. Virginia Taylor McCormick.

EXPERIENCE.

I dream before a shining windowed view,
 On shifting diamond stars my tho'ts are strung.
 The dusky trees and silvery summer dew
 Lure me to mystic realms, untried and new.
 I ride the magic moon—for I am young.

Long years and seasons hide, in dust, strange hours—
 Thru fog and sleet and silent sun I seek
 A paradise of song and laughing flowers.
 A yearning, born of love, my heart o'erpowers.
 E'en while the climb is steep—I seek! I seek!

Beside the bier my lips are dumb. Yet black
 Despair links not my faith in doubting chain.
 And tho' I know there is no turning back
 I find grim satisfaction neath my pack—
 My spirit leans on God in all its pain.

The Tulsa World.

Mary Smith Baker.

GIVE HIM A LAUGH.

Give him a laugh, as you meet on the road
The man with the tragic mien,
He has troubles enough for a dozen lives
Stoked cleverly under a screen.
Give him a laugh as you pass along,
To startle his blood to flow—
He forgot how to laugh a good jolly laugh
A couple of decades ago—
For what stirs the sluggish blood in the veins,
Bosses that quirk in the back;
Auspiciously shuffles old black-hooded Care
On a chase to another track;
What flashes a fire in a fireless eye;
Quickens the foot on its way,
Like a good ringing laugh, a jolly good laugh,
That echoes and echoes all day?

The Summit Herald.

Geo. Klinge.

THE LINE OF PEACE.

(The line between Canada and the United States is one of the most remarkable boundaries separating countries. Although it is one of the longest in the world, not a fort nor a cannon frowns over it. It is, indeed, a line of peace, a vast and quiet emblem of the friendship existing between the peoples who dwell on either side.)

No monuments of war, of soldiers brave and dead,
No shafts with cannon balls about them strewn,
Or mighty generals lifting imaged head,
Or mausoleums from silent granite hewn
Are here, but only harvesting's increase—
This is the line of peace.

No fortresses obtrude from sullen heights,
Nor secret skirmishers haunt the dark,
No curious flash of tricky signal lights,
Nor ambuscader peering for a mark,
But only plowmen, loggers, merchants—these—
This is the line of peace.

The eagle—emblem since the days of Rome
Of fell invasion, conquering and spoil—
Here renders to the mightier dove his home—
The home he may not fashion on this soil,
Were sisterhood holds a perpetual lease—
This is the line of peace.

God! may it long abide—this triumph mute,
Yet vocal for our whole humanity;
This glorious stretch where no gun lifts to shoot,
This path ideal, drawn from sea to sea.
Oh, may its teaching presence never cease!
This is the line of peace.
The Minneapolis Journal. *Will Chamberlain.*

TRAILS.

“How far down the road are you?
How many blocks away?”
The city man asked me
One summer day.
Then my heart tasked me
And I heard it say:

“By an acre I reckon,
And a long stone wall,
By distant hills that beckon,—
Not city blocks at all.”

Yorkville was bird-lonely
Ages before man;
Gramercy remembers
When the foxes ran;
Broadway once was only
A sun-flecked trail for Pan.

A thin old tree remaining
In a yard by Trinity
To a young elm is plaining
Of how things used to be.

Down my river-valley
Where the flicker knocks
At those gray doorways
That have no latch nor locks,
There's a long leaf-alley
But no city blocks.

Go down the road to find me
A slow sonnet's length,
Where sunset makes an amethyst
Of the mountain's strength.

The Christian Science Monitor. *Isabel Fiske Conant.*

THE WASTREL.

Birds in your tree homes, sing out your scorning,
Chirp out your melodies taunting and free,
Tell what you're thinking, of working and mourning,
Toiling for mammon, a wastrel like me.

Out where the breezes are scented with clover,
Whispering sermons no preacher could give,
There are gay fingers beck'ning me over,
Yet am I toiling for pittance to live.

Still through the heavy hours oft' do I ponder,
Who could be richer or greater than thee?
Dawning till sunset, yet do I squander,
Hours that might have been lived in the free.

Out where the meadow lark calls to his neighbor,
Friend of the squirrel, the wild rose and stream,
There doth the lexicon speak not of labor,
Voices are calling, "Come, wander and dream."

Rich in the beauties of sky and of prairie,
Surfeited there with the life of the free,
Yet do I labor and grumble and tarry
Sing, birds, your scorn for a wastrel like me.

Kansas City Star.

Robin A. Walker.

THE CHINK'S PRAYER.

Lord, I am not yellow, as you know,
Except the binding coat of skin.
It was your hand that made it so,
Which clears it of the taint of sin.
In the far twilight of the world
The yellow man was richly blest;
From Amoy to bleak Gobi, curled
In sand and snow, he felt life's zest.

Spare me that lavish greeting, God,
Which seems to end with—Here's your hat.
I'd rather have a simple nod
With no impression such as that.
A Chink may not be quite of grade,
His dermis be of vulgar hue.
You chose the color, Lord, you made,
And every reason is with you.

So hear my prayer for fellowship
That's friendly, yet not over nice—
A camaraderie not all of lip.
But heart enough to melt the ice.
It may be asking quite a lot
For just a Chink who washes shirts,
I'm therefore not a king, and not
Open to homage. Lord, it hurts.
The Sioux City Journal. *Will Chamberlin.*

MY OWN.

Out of the infinite blue
Into the world of men
I shall return to you
Seeking my love again.

Whether on some bright star
Come by command divine—
Loving as ever—no bar
Severs my heart from thine.

Now while I cling to you,
Sojourner of the earth,
Transient my stay—I woo
You in my soul rebirth.

Come with me to the land,
Seek me in that far place,
Not even the angel band
Keeps me from thy dear face.

The Pittsburgh Progressive. *Marie Tello Phillips.*

OUR OWN.

In Death's garden there has bloomed
Some of Earth's fairest flowers.
And within its vaults entombed
Lie gems that once were ours.
And we must weep
Because Death's sleep
Now hold them in its powers.

'Twas there the Rose of Sharon lay,
The fairest flower of all.
The angels came at break of day,
And loosed that bitter thrall.
And is it not
Death's garden spot
Where we will await His call?

The West Lebanon Gazette.

Esther Crone.

LET US PRAY.

It is true he is dead:
But still he lives
Within each yankee heart,
A genial, goodly, kindly man,
Just plain American.

He died at the helm.
As a sailor lad
Who sails the briny deep;
But his ship sails on,
And on, and on,
To the port of righteousness.

Honor his name
With songs of praise,
And let thy praise be heard.
But now let us pray,
And pray, and pray,
For him, our home, and land.

The Jeffersonian.

Ellis Howard Shimp.

THE FAITHFUL.

Wizened and brown and bent she goes,
In rough grey woolsey dressed;
A red bandanna round her head,
A kerchief on her chest.
Grandfather's gold-rimmed spectacles
Above her watery eyes;
"He lef' 'em to me, honey,
An' dey's jes' my gretes' prize,
Cep'en de silver sugar bowl
Wha's bent an' de handle gone.
Dat ole Mis' give me on dat day
Mahs' James hid in de cohn,

An' I up an' tol' dat blue-coat man
 Dat Mahs' an' Mis' an' me
 Was all de folks on we-all's place,
 An' he 'lowed he'd set me free,
 An' gimme a house an' a cow an' mule
 An' money to fill my puhse.
 But Gawd! dat off'cer he ain't knowed
 Dat I'se Mahs' Jimmy's nuhse.
 An' many de night his curly head
 Has laid on dis brack breas',
 An' his little arms gone roun' my neck
 Wid 'Mandy, I loves yo' bes'.
 An' it wouldn't a made no diffe'nce
 Ef dey'd kilt me whar' I stood,
 Dey'd never a-foun' Mahs' Jimmy.
 I'd kivered him up too good.

Dat night Mis' cried an' hugged me.
 An' Mahs' promised me his specs,
 An' dey's waitin' foh me in heaven,
 So I hope I'll be de nex'
 To git in de gospel waggon
 Dat rumbles steady an' slow,
 'Case I know Mahs' Jimmy's waitin'
 At de aidge of heaven's do'.
 Foh dey kilt Mahs' Jimmy at Seven Pines,
 An' he's waitin' for Mandy to come,
 Jes, lak when he was a baby
 Wid curls, an' his little thumb
 Stuck into his mouth for comfort,
 Wid de lights all out at night,
 When I'd pat him an' tell him stories,
 An' de blankets pulled up tight."

ie Boston Transcript. Virginia Taylor McCormick.

MY MOTHER'S STAR.

When twilight goes and Night has made
 The crimson flags of sunset fade,
 While down the drowsy, wearied hills
 Her purple fruitage flooding spills—
 When Night has come and Day has ceased,
 Across the valley to the east
 A star hangs tender, soft and low.
 I love to watch it shining so.

I say, "That is my mother's star!"
Though far away—oh, far and far—
I know she watches over me
As tender and as lovingly
As when she led me, footsteps slow,
A-down the paths of long ago.
No other star may ever shine
As glows this Mother Star of mine.

The River Falls Journal.

Harry Noyes Pratt.

1492.

(A poetic license for Columbus Day. Scene: A Seacoast.)

Columbus—This is my land. It's my own admiralty.
'Twas given me by the crown of Spain. I sailed
Around the worlds for it. Castile's own Queen
Gave me her gems for it, when Italy
Cared not. It's my *Columbia the gem*—
Americus Vespucius—It's mine alone. They named it
all for me—

Cortez—That's naught. Just talk! And you, sir, only
found

An island! Now I stared at the Pacific
In wild surmise; Cortez and all his men
Silent upon a peak in Darien!

I stood upon a piece of land that links
Ocean and ocean, continent and con—

Balboa—That was not you. 'Twas I. Keats did not
know

His history. 'Twas you that he called stout.

Cortez—I am not stout, but valiant. And it's more
To have Keats sing of you than first to tread
An isthmus. It is more to shape a poem
Like that than take a city.

Columbus—And it's more

To be adventurous in a noble cause
Than to win fame. How fortunate those isles
Of dream that led on to a greater isle—

America, Columbia, as you will;

A land so sought for must be noble still.

New York Evening Post.

Isabel Fiske Conant.

GOSSIP.

A white lily grew in my garden,
You came and whispered near,
And lo! the flower turned its head.
Later I found it a black thing—dead.
Youth dawned with trumpets red,
A friend came and lingered in my garden;
You whispered softly like April rain—
Often I have called my friend
But he never has come to my garden again.
One day in early spring
I found Love singing in my garden,
I locked the gates
That you might not enter;
Alas! you whispered through the bars.
Now I have only memories
Growing in my garden
Beneath cold white stars.

The Vienna News.

Scottie McKensie Frazier.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

When the flaming sun has set,
And the day-time din is still—
When the fields with dew are wet,
You may hear him, if you will,
From his vantage on the hill
Sending forth his challenge shrill.

When the oriflamme of day
Night has conquered once again,
And the shadows cool and gray
Tarry where the light has lain,—
In the evening dim and still,—
Cries the restless whip-poor-will!

In the glowing middle day,
He is sadly, strangely mute;
Afternoon brings but dismay—
He is still irresolute;
But when shadows creep and crawl
May be heard his ringing call!

Fancies are the right of youth!
Still I can imagine him
Speaking with the tongue of truth
In the forest spaces dim;—
Crying at the evening's gate
"Let the Way of God be straight!"

What he says I do not know,
Having no interpreter;
It is not with Nature so,
And he doubtless speaks to her;
Up to tranquil star-lit sky
Uttering his piercing cry.

Still I hear him with delight
Speaking in the wilderness;
Sending forth across the night
Messages I cannot guess;—
Freighted with the mystic mood
Of the vision-peopled wood.

Bard or prophet he disdains
All conventual rules and laws
Asking for his toil and pains
Neither payment nor applause
Enigmatic mystery!
Baffling us utterly!

The Rutland Daily Herald.

Arthur Goodenough.

VERSE FOR FRIDAY.

Of what avail to him who dies,
Are praises loudly sung?
Do praises dull the sharpened barbs
Which spite and envy flung?
What coward-cringe is in weak souls
That, when a man is dead,
They fearfully his virtues mouth,
And wreath his honored head?
Should those same hands come bearing flowers
That once were clenched in hate—
And go unchallenged to his tomb
By keepers of the gate?

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

Jack Lawder.

CONTENT.

There's a what-you-call Tang in the air
Suggestive of regular autumn;
There's a chill in the dawn
That suggests I put on
My heavies as soon as I've bought 'em.
I am hungrier, now, when I rise.
And my sharp-set, approximate middle
Most eagerly burns
And most tenderly yearns
For the generous fruits of the griddle.

A wood fire is pleasant at night,
And I sit with a pipe by the flue,
And long to replenish
My cellar with Rhenish—
A dream that can never come true.
Oh, Spring is the season of hope,
But Fall is the time to remember:
A fig for the day
When I sang about May—
There's a deeper content in November!

The Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

Ted Robinson.

THE RIVER.

Today the river in the singing blue
Of Heaven herself flows laughing to the plain.
But yesterday she gazed the long day through
With eyes of wistful sadness at the rain,
Finding no peace until the gentle night
Had from the arching sky the mists withdrawn,
And let her, humble, rest in Heaven's sight,
Her depths aglint with Heaven's stars reborn.

Thus will my heart's deep stream eternally
Sing at your joys, grow wistful at your pain,
Grey with the tears of Love's own sympathy.
Laughter and tears and laughter yet again
May pass. God grant in even smallest part
Stars of your faith may shine within my heart.
The Rockland Courier-Gazette. *Anne Robinson.*

MAMMY MOURNS HER HONEY ROSE.

Still Ah see yo' face a-smilin',
Pappy comin' home—
All yo' ways am him beguillin'
When he long to roam!
Mah Honey Rose, mah Honey Rose!

In yo' cradle you am rockin'
Happy as can be,
Singin' wif de birds a-mockin'
In de moss-hung tree,
Mah Honey Rose, mah Honey Rose!

See yo' tiny ahms a-liftin'
Wif yo' lips apart;
Watch yo' li'l haid a-driftin'
To'ds yo' mammy's heart,
Mah Honey Rose, mah Honey Rose!

Still de silber moon am shinin'
Troo de cabin do'
But yo' mammy's heart am pinin'
'Cayse yo sing no mo'.
Oh, Honey Rose, mah Honey Rose!

Still forebber you am lyin'
Neaf de ole oak tree;
'Bove you win's go sof'ly sighin',
Birds sing mo'nfully.
Oh, Honey Rose, los' Honey Rose!
The Los Angeles Times. *Oscar H. Roesner.*

MOTHER.

Sometimes when I sit and dream
A presence in my memory lingers;
I see familiar eyes that beam
And feel the clasp of loving fingers.

Dear hands that smoothed away my pain
And always held for me some token,
When Life's mad fever burned my brain
And every dream was shattered, broken.

But now she's gone beyond the sea,
She wanders far in wind-swept spaces,
And yet I know she's close to me
When I am climbing uphill places.

The years speed by on flying feet,
And Life has brought much grief and sorrow,
Yet Mother's voice still whispers sweet,
" 'Twill be much better, dear, tomorrow."

Sweet Angel voices from afar
That penetrate our gloom and sadness,
We know not from what friendly star
They come to whisper hope and gladness.

When Life has had enough of me
And I have gone the wind-swept spaces,
Ah, may I, like the mists at sea,
Sweep in and watch my loved ones' faces.

And may I know when Life is drear
And hopes are shattered, vain and broken,
Then may I come and linger near
And breathe my love, a Mother's token.

The Oakland Tribune.

Evelyn Buechner.

BATTLES.

So grim the foes your courage conquered, Love—
The merciless grey cold within the trench;
The whine and boom of endless shells above;
The long night-marches in the driving drench
Of winter rains along the sodden way;
Winds from the dark, that pass, yet linger long
To taunt with mocking whistle, while they lay
Upon your lips the very blight of song.

Spring walks again her green and golden slopes,
A singing world of youth's fair ecstasy
Whose every song is painful-sweet with hopes
Of all that earth held dear to you and me.
God give me strength to meet with fearless gaze
The pain of Spring, of dear remembered days.

The Rockland Courier-Gazette.

Anne Robinson.

FATHER.

They brought the baby to him,
And the proud young father smiled,
Tho eyes with mists grown dim
As he looked on his first child.
Oh, bonnie seemed the wee pink face
To that fond parent's eyes ;
And the primal feeling of the race
Brought him nearer to the skies.

Swift months into the years soon run,
And brought around the day
When father watched his little son
As he trudged to school away.
Grown graver was the elder face
But lips the same smile had ;
His prayer rose to the Throne of Grace,
"God bless my little lad!"

Guided by hands strong and steady
The boy to manhood grew.
Thru adolescence years still ready
The same friend, kind and true,
Kept step with him by love's leaven,
And in each crisis knew,
By wisdom asked of Heaven,
Just what to say and do.

The parting of the ways soon came,
As it must come to all ;
The beckoning of life and fame,
With their insistent call.
The young man left his childhood's home
To enlist in life's long fight ;
But where so-e'er his feet might roam
He was armed to do the right.

The whitening snows of winter grace,
Like a crown, the father's brow ;
To "meet his Pilot face to face"
Seems but a short time now.
And when the young man kneels to lead
His own small flock in prayer,
"Our Father" double seems to read,
For one is here. One there!

The Kansas City Kansan.

Emma Upton Vaughn.



H A B I T

"Tobacco? Shucks!! I've quit?" declared
Old Nason's hired hand;
"I've chewed the weed for thirty years,
Its wiles I understand.
But now, I quit—I'll show you all
That I've got self command!"

"Now, Bob, I wouldn't think of it!"
Old Nason's wife spoke up.
She poured the coffee 'round the board—
Old Nason took a sup.
"All quittin's hard!" the farmer vowed
Across his steaming cup.

But Bob, opposed, was more resolved—
Most men are bound to be.
That they opposed but stiffened him
To stand by his decree.
"Today I'll plow the western field,
And never chew," said he.

Self-righteously he sought the barn
And harnessed Nab and Nob,
Two steeds of breeding, old and tried
So steady on the job
They knew the furrows through the corn
Without the help of Bob.

The morning sun beamed peacefully
Upon the western field,
Beneath the plow the friendly earth
No stubbornness revealed;
But, strangely, Bob felt out of place
As through the corn he wheeled.

He had no cause to jerk the reins,
Or loudly scold his steeds.
The gentle Nab and docile Nob
Were fit beyond his needs.
But man deprived, howe'er his state
Is prone to reckless deeds.

The day wore on about an hour—
For Bob an age of care
In which his steeds, afret with foam
Seemed doomed to make him swear
They sulked and trembled, kicked and lunged,
To his enraged despair.

Then Nason from his orchard near
Came strolling through the corn;
"How goes it, Bob? Say, want a chew?"
But Bob replies with scorn,
"Put back your plug, I've quit," said he,
"As sure as you was born!"

Now Nason was a cunning man,
He turned without reply;
But half way down the field he paused—
The furrow caught his eye—
He dropped the plug and left it there
Where Bob must pass it by.

And Bob perceived it lying there,
A golden, tempting blot
Upon the earth as he plowed by,
And cursing Nason's plot,
He lashed his frightened steeds until
They broke into a trot.

A dozen times he passed the plug
And grimly stood the test;
A dozen times it lured him back
Until he paused to rest
Beside it there—and took a chew,
Nor felt his soul protest.

Like magic then the field became
Familiar to his feet;
And Nab and Nod shared in the change
Their pace became discreet;
For so it is that Life returns
To habits old and sweet.

The Kansas City Star.

Lowe W. Wren.

(Illustration by Silvey J. Ray.)

CALVE.

Why have you brought this magic back to earth?
We had forgotten how life used to be
In those dear days forgiving memory
Had blurred, to soften these hard years of dearth.
And now you give old joys this sad new birth
Of recollection! That white witchery
Of yours that held our hearts in abject fee
So long ago, you knew its fatal worth,
You knew its power; and once more you sing.
Alas! It is too late; a ghost to ghosts
Those haunted tones, those phantom smiles, you fling.
Enchanted spirits only are these hosts
On whom your bright remembered charm is shed:
This city, you, and we, are dead, all dead!
The Oakland Post-Enquirer. Miriam Allen de Ford.

SOUVENIR.

Sometimes the arching window
From a grey room looks to sea.
Sometimes a single posy
Can a rainbow garden be.

Sometimes a fallen shadow
Is a gate to mystery.
Sometimes a lilt of laughter
Brings you back again to me.

The Louisville Times.

Isabel McLannan McMeekin.

CONSUELO SINGS.

Consuelo sings, in her gay little troubadour costume—
Red satin breeches and blouse, and dainty wrist-
ruffles—

As we sit on the porch in the summer dusk, all waiting
For the jazz to begin, at the last masquerade of summer.

She twangs her gay banjo, lightly, softly singing—

*"Oh, I took my girlie to the movies,
All on a summer night—"*

The crickets chirp, and an apple drops, as we listen,
And a light breeze lifts the bouffant cape on her
shoulders.

—Is this the self-possessed little flapper

With the bobbed blond hair, and the saucy turned-up
nose

(And roughed cheeks at fourteen . . .)

Her father's imp, her mother's daily despair? . . .

No—the spell of the night, and of youth itself, is on
us . . .

*When—it's moonlight on Kalua,
I will come to you again—"*

(Oh, youth, where have you gone?

Oh, young dreams—oh, springtime world!)

Not Consuelo sings, but all the youth that has blossomed

For a day, for an hour—nevermore, nevermore to return.

And the pain of it takes us, until our throats are
aching.

No one dares to speak first

In the silence . . . Then old Mr. Boyd,

Who smokes big black cigars

And is quite a Somebody in Wall Street,

Stirs heavily, clearing his throat;

"You're—some singer—Consuelo!"

The New York Evening Post.

Jennifer Stewart.

MY PASS TO PARADISE.

I had a Pass to Paradise,

But then I didn't know

If I should want to use it, for

Perhaps I wouldn't go.

And so I went and sold my Pass ;
I thought the price was high,
But now I rather wonder if
I'll think so bye and bye.

I used to watch the quiet crowd
Who went along that way ;
I thought them rather stupid folk
To live with every day.

But maybe they had qualities
Of Virtue that I lack.
I sold my Pass to Paradise—
I wish I had it back!

The New York Times.

Nan Terrell Reed.

IN A JAZZ AGE.

Let me sit on the edge of the midnight moon
And swing my feet to the starlight's tune.

Or let me walk on the rainbow way ;
There's a pot of gold at the end, they say.

Or let me live in a cave of the sea
Where all of the fishes may talk to me.

This modern world gives me a pain.
It's "Pipe those ankles!" or "Lamp that Jane!"

The Argus.

Helen Emma Maring.

UNCERTIFIED.

Our patient fathers bore the heat
And burdens of the day,
And many things as incomplete
And hot and hard as they ;
It's quite a wonder how they lived
So long before they died,
For nothing that they wore or et
Or drank was certified.

The undiplomaed doctors quacked
Around 'em everywhere;
The unlicentiate teachers whacked
Their heads till they were square;
They mounted pedigreeless nags
Where'er they went to ride,
And not a single thing in sight
Was signed or certified.

The hired man made no pretense
He had a Yale degree;
There were no licensed housemaids—hence
No licensed housemaid's knee;
Not one cute, kittenish, graduate nurse
Adorned the countryside,
And folks who closed the dead folks' eyes
Were all uncertified.

They drank no bluish ribbon drams,
No seal-proof socks they wore;
They got no papers with the clams
They dug along the shore;
An uncertificated groom,
And non-eugenic bride,
Had jest as healthy kids as if
They both were certified.

No guarantee was advertised
With rope or dope or soap;
The version still was unrevised
On which they built their hope;
It's mighty strange they should have lived
So long before they died,
For not a thing they stewed or brewed
Or chewed was certified.

The Brattleboro Daily Reformer. *Daniel L. Cady.*

SPEAKING AS MAN TO MAN.

You say that the world is a bad old world,
That the poor are cruelly crushed,
The rich rapacious—the lie upheld—
While truth is banished or hushed;
I grant that the world is much to blame.
But, speaking as man to man,
Now what have you done to improve the same
Since ever your life began?

You say that the race is a ruined race.
And puny and wain and weak;
'Tis true in part for the truth thereof
Is nothing remote to seek.
But since we have all a part in the game
(And speaking as man to man)
Just what have you done to uplift the same
In the course of your mortal span?

You say religion is losing ground,
Or merely, in fact, a wraith;
That the hope men have is a futile thing:—
And their faith is an empty faith;
It may be faith is a fading flame,
But speaking as man to man,
Have you ever striven to wake the same,
Or vivify it again?

We all have duties as well as rights,
Whatever our place in life;
And are we servants or are we served
We have each a part in the strife.
We have always with us the blind and lame,
(But, speaking as man to man,)
Have you ever tried to improve the same
By the old original plan?

The Brattleboro Daily Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.

THE HIGH WATER BLUES.

(During the flood in Oklahoma City.)

(Music: "I Went to the River and Couldn't Get
Across." Or any other tune you like.)

Ah got a bad case of de hi water blues;
Ah los everything but mah pants and mah shoes:
De res of mah things went off down the river,
An' all I gotta do is stan here and shiver.

De house dat I lib in jes riz up and went;
Ah wonder where mah landlord goin' collec' his next
rent;
All de close ah has left is what ah got on,
Jes about lak I was de day ah was bohn.

Dat's mighty few close for dis kinda weather ;
Ah feels lak a chicken with jes one feather ;
Ah declare to goodness ah don't know what to do ;
Dat's de reason I'se a standin' here feelin' so blue.

Ah had a lotta chickens layin' aigs every day ;
All de chickens an de hen house went floatin' away ;
De rooster was flappin' his wings an a crowin'
Jes lak he knows where 'bouts he's agoin.

Ah don't know how to swim an ah don't know how to
float ;

Ah wouldn't feel so bad if ah jes' had a boat,
But if ah had a boat ah wouldn't stan' no chance,
'Cause it takes bofe mah hands to hold up mah pants.

The Oklahoma City Times.

Anonymous.

H₂O VS. MOON.

In looking back to boyhood days I always love to think
Of the pump, that stood outside the kitchen door.

And even in my fancy I can hear the dipper clink

Like the tinkle of the cowbell on the moor.

I can hear the water gurgle and the rusty handle creak ;

I see the thirsty harvesters and almost hear them
speak.

For in the Good old Summer Time how gladly would
they seek

The pump that stood outside the kitchen door !

The city water of today, so lifeless and so flat

Starts me yearning for those happy days of yore,

When coming from the hayfield I would drop my
broad-brim hat

By the pump that stood outside the kitchen door.

We hear of oaken buckets, and we read of crystal
springs,

Of running brooks and mountain streams, and all
these other things ;

But dearer yet to my mind is the memory which
clings

Around the pump that stood outside the kitchen door.

There are places in town where we often go to drown
Both our thirst and sorrow in this Vale of Tears.
Where drinks from near and far are served upon a
marble bar
So with eagerness we quaff the Cup that cheers.
Here a bored, world-weary crowd with coarse jest and
laughter loud,
Are imbibing drinks that Nature would deplore.
Drinks that never could compete with the sparkling
crystal treat
At the pump that stood outside the kitchen door.
The Casper Daily Tribune. Ray Churchill Smith.

A RAINY DAY ON SETTIN' DOWN CREEK.

Ol' Sawnee Mountain's glum an' gray,
His top an' sides is bathed in mist;
Been rainin' since the break o' day,
An' I feel like a broken wrist.
Sich weather's bad beyant a doubt,
"Ol' woman's" porely an' complainin':
Terbacker's low an' licker's out—
Now ain't that hell—an' hit a-rainin'!

That's Jim a-comin' down the road—
Thar must be somethin' on his mind—
He's humpin' like an ol' hop-toad
That knows a black-snake's close behind;
'Lo, Jimmy! Light! Come in!
How's ol' Ed Treat an' his new "still"?
Ye don't say! Don't that beat sin!
You bet your shirt an' boots I will!

Jes' had the word from ol' Ed Treat
A-sayin' that he had made a "run"—
Them "War-boys" say: "Ain't that 'toot sweet'!"
Them town fools say: "Ain't we got fun!"
Ol' Sawnee Mountain's tipped with gold,
Ol' woman's better—perkin' up;
An' here's a health to young an' old!
We'll drink it from the ol' tin cup.

This world could be a dern sight worse—

Jes' think o' Noahy an' his ark;
An' him a-paddlin' that ol' hearse

Across the flood an' hit plum dark!
The western sky's a blaze o' light—

I swan by gum hit's done quit rainin'
Feelin' good! The world's all right!

An' I think, termorrow, I go a-seinin'.

The Atlanta Constitution. John Wingfield Gatewood.

"AN ELEGY WRITTEN IN A TOURIST CAMPING-GROUND."

The Klaxon sounds the knell of parting day,
Some late arrivals through the dust clouds creep
And three hours after we have hit the hay
The noise calms down so we can get to sleep.

Save where, from yonder pennant-clad sedan
The radio set emits its raucous squeal,
And underneath a nearby light, a man
Pounds until daylight on a busted wheel.

Beneath those tattered tops, those patent tents,
Where falls the dust into each sun-burned pore,
Each on his folded bed of slight expense
The rude explorers of the highways snore.

Let not ambition mock their creaky cars,
Their khaki clothes, of vintages obscure,
Nor grandeur view, with hauteur like a czar's,
The short and simple flivvers of the poor.

The boats of shiny paint, the pomp of power
And all that charms the motoristic fop,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of touring lead but to the shop.

Can streamline hoods or silver-plated hubs
Back to its mansion call the missing spark?
Can plush upholstery foil the clumsy dubs
Who bang into your fenders in the dark?

Full many a boob of purest ray serene
Succumbs each summer to the touring itch;
Full many a car is doomed to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in a western ditch.

The Spokane Spokesman Review.

Anonymous.

WINDY KNIGHTS.

Whenever a Klansman has a fright,
Whatever he views with alarm,
He handles the matter exactly right
And keeps us all from harm;
He puts on a hood and he gets on a horse.
And gallops about as a matter of course.

Whenever Morality sets up a shout
For succor, he answers the call.
He gets on a horse and gallops about—
Just gallops and gallops—that's all.
Hooded, he goes at the gallop, and then
Hooded, comes back at the gallop again.

The New York Leader.

Philip A. Monk.

WHEN HARRY LAUDER SINGS.

It's rain, an' rain, an' rain again, till all the world's
afloat,
An' workin' on this mudline now, it surely gets my
goat.
A kingsnipe on the mudline, in the mud an' slush an'
rain,
The "Old Man" throwin' butterflies from every bloom-
in' train.

"There's sloppy joints in Johnson's cut, the track is
out of line,
"Go quick an' cut the driftwood loose at trestle
twenty-nine.
"The fence was down at Wilson's place, when I passed
there today,
"And all his cattle, sheep and hogs, were on the right
of way."

The longest day must have an end, an' men must
have their rest,
An' comes the time, at evenin's close, the time that I
love best;
When car an' tools are put away, an' I get home once
more,
An' see my Maggie's smilin' face beside the kitchen
door.

Then I "wash-up" an' sit me down to supper, pipin'
hot,
An' cares take wing an' fly away, an' troubles are for-
got.
Then I "smoke-up" while Maggie clears away the
supper things,
An' I start up the phonnygraff, an' Harry Lauder
sings.

"A Wee Hoose Mang The Heather," an' "The Bonny
Banks O' Doon,"
An' "Roamin' In The Gloamin'," now *that's* a dandy
tune!
An' Maggie's eyes grow misty—she's a Scottish lass
you know—
An' me, my throat gets husky, an' I have to cough—
jus' so—
A trackman's life is hard, at best, his pay is small be-
side,
But consciousness of work well done should be a
trackman's pride.
So give me my old pipe, an' I'll not envy queens or
kings,
With Maggie girl beside me here, while Harry Lauder
sings.

Maintenance of Way Bulletin.

J. A. Morris.

CLOCK WORK.

From Yankee hills the Yankee streams
Flowed on through Yankee ground
Until the store of Yankee springs
Had reached Long Island Sound;
A better land for making clocks
Was hardly to be found.

They made 'em tall, they made 'em short,
They made 'em middle-sized;
Of wood and brass, of steel and string,
The same as advertised;
And everywhere those clocks would go
The Yankee skill was prized.

And they went almost anywhere
And ticked the time away,
If once a year one had 'em oiled
And wound 'em once a day;
Full many a clock of Yankee craft
Outran the One-Hoss Shay.

The streams ran downward to the Sound,
Which to the Atlantic ran;
A Yankee clipper put to sea,
Sailed by a Yankee man;
For Britain straight he held his course,
And artful was his plan.

As full as it could hold, his hold
(No hold could fuller be)
Of Yankee clocks, all entered for
An English consignee—
Since Time began, none had more time
Upon his hands than he.

He made good time; in time he made
The port of Liverpool.
The customs johnny said, "My word,
You Yankee chaps are cool!
A British customs man, old top,
Is not a bloomin' fool!

"Your cargo, so I've caused to think,
Is undervalued quite.
I'll seize it at its invoiced price,
As is my legal right.
Go back and tell to Yankeeland
We were not born last night!"

Back turned the skipper, unabashed,
And once again he came
With other clocks, whose value he
Declared at just the same.
"By jove!" the customs man declared,
"You Yankees have no shame!"

And yet again that skipper came
And leaned to Mersey's side,
"More clocks," he said, "are here betime,
Whatever may betide."
"No more for me till Time's no more,"
That customs man replied.

For, somehow, round the docks and quays
A sudden whisper went
That Yankee profits twice had touched
Ten times ten score per cent.
To deal in Yankee clocks was not
The customs man's intent.

Then, and in days before the craft
Of Yankee clocks began,
When men eschewed the vaster sea
And sailed by caravan,
It was esteemed a merry jest
To gull a customs man.

The Yankee skipper then retired
From following the sea.
"He's mighty smart," his countrymen
All hastened to agree;
While others proudly said it was
"A dretful cute idee."

Then, and in after days, the man
Who cut his neighbor's throat—
Commercially, of course—was deemed
A personage of note.
He had a toothpick made of gold,
And wore a broadcloth coat.

The New York World.

G. S. B.

THE OFFSHORE FLEET.

The offshore fleet!
The three mile fleet!
Its ships our waters swarm.
Gin, whiskey, all
Await the call;
In triumph ride the storm!

The old conquistadores
Who roamed the Caribbees
Have left some tall sea stories.
But none so tall as these!
They sought the high pooped galleons
Weighed deep with silver bars,
But they were but rapscallions
Unknowing of three stars!

Content, they shared each measure
Of moidores or doubloons;
They knew not liquid treasure,
Beknighted picaroons!
Now they, each once a wonder,
Are targets for the sneers
Of connoisseurs in plunder,
The offshore buccaneers!

These slip it in in launches,
Say each day's news reports;
Rum runners with their branches
In all Atlantic ports.
The rum and gin are flowing,
The Scotch is tiered in crates,
And wonder still is growing
In these United States!

The offshore fleet!
The three mile fleet
Swings off the Lower Bay,
And Uncle Sam
Waits like a lamb
For alcohol's foray!

The New York Herald.

Maurice Morris.

THE RONDEAU.

Ze gay rondeau must be so bright
She sparkle like ze stars at night;
Vin-ordinaire for real champagne
Will give each one who sips ze "pain"—
And make so mad he almost fight!

Ze phrase obtuse zat sound so trite
You must not use when you indite—
For critics eye to see so plain—
Ze gay rondeau!

But when each foot she step so light
Like fairy, elf or dancing sprite,
You will not have to go by train
To see each reader for explain
Ze why and wherefore when you write
Ze gay rondeau!

The Atlanta Constitution. John Wingfield Gatewood.

WHY?

Why should I go to a tea—
When every breeze is a caress,
And each new leaf a separate joy,
And the birds are mating?
I long to dig in the good brown earth
And roam the woods in search of violets.
A tea!
Where I must shake hands with the same old crowd—
Each one dressed to surpass her neighbor.
Same old flowers—same old palms
Rented from the corner florist.
Stately matrons pouring incessantly,
Slender debutantes serving and observing
Gleaming shoulders, perfume, laughter,
Same old babble drowning out the music.
Same old Orange Pekoe—single sugar lump, lonely
 lemon.
One sandwich, one cake,
One pink mint and one green one
And then—salted nut!
I ask you—
Why?

The Davenport Times.

Mildred Fowler Field.

THE ETERNAL FEMININE.

So she awoke, the little Egyptian Princess,
And peered about in the gloom.
Then, lightly tossing aside the silken grave-cloth,
She ran to the mouth of the tomb.
The awe-struck watchers, pale in the flickering torch-
 light,
Silently gave her room.

Laughed with glee the mighty Pharaoh's daughter,
And, perched on the tips of her toes,
She blew a kiss to the answering winds of the desert,
Blushing warm as a rose.
Then, drawing a shining mirror forth from her girdle,
Daintly powdered her nose.

But alas! the eyes of the little Egyptian Princess
Are darkened with sudden woe!
Ah! what does she seek? A sunny nook by the river,
Where lotus blossoms blow?
Or the whispering shade, where she kept a tryst with
her lover
Four thousand years ago?

Back to her tomb she crept, the royal maiden.
The watchers standing there
Marked how she drew the silken robe about her,
Brodered with jewels fair.
And the woman cry they heard was as old as Eden:
"I haven't a thing to wear!"
The New York Times. *Vilda Savage Owens.*

THE DEAR DISDAIN OF DURHAM.

A fog lay thick upon the Sound
And thick along the shore;
With dawn was Matthew Griswold bound
To Durham Town once more—
His horse had trod this very ground
Full twenty times before,
Over the Middlesex hills, that day
In spring, young Matthew rode away.

Reserved of speech and gravely shy,
And yet high-hearted, too,
He waited long to win reply
From her he rode to woo;
But aye she turned a roving eye,
As haughty maidens do—
Ever her humorsome maiden pride
Remained reluctant to decide.

For no fair lady's bow inclined
To be the second string,
And finally resolved in mind,
Between the fields of spring
Behold young Matthew go to find
What hap the Fates may bring—
See him confronting the dear Disdain.
Who drums upon a window-pane.

"Madam, anew I come to say
I seek you for my wife."
"I ask," she pleaded, "brief delay."
Then, like a sudden knife:
"Unselfish, madam, is my way—
I give you all your life!"
Swiftly he turned and rode homeward, down
To Lyme again from Durham Town.

The dear Disdain, she bided there
In Durham-on-the-Hill;
None other did his suit declare
And so she bided still,
And bound vain roses in her hair,
As foolish maidens will,
Thinking sometimes, with regretful sigh,
How Love had last come riding by.

The New York World.

G. S. B.

WHEN THE TRINITY CLOCK RAN DOWN.

As it did the other morning when the man who
winds it sprained his ankle and failed to come.

The pulse of Wall Street came to pause
When the Trinity clock ran down,
And all down town sought for the cause
When the Trinity clock ran down.
Along Broadway folk rubbed their eyes
And gazed aloft in wild surmise,
As had the sun stopped in the skies,
When the Trinity clock ran down.

Somehow one felt he'd lost a friend,
When the Trinity clock ran down.
Some wondered if it meant the end,
When the Trinity clock ran down.
The hands, arrested, lost their goal,
The old bell failed the hour to toll—
Time seemed somehow to lack its soul
When the Trinity clock ran down.

New York Herald.

Maurice Morris.

WHEN THE FLAPPERS QUIT FLAPPING.

When the flappers quit flapping
And the knockers quit rapping
And profiteers cease to exist,
When the sinners stop sinning
And the gamblers stop winning,
We'll emerge from the clouds and the mist.

* * * *

When there isn't a growler
Or calamity howler
To mess up a beautiful world,
We'll have the "wig-wags"
To hoist all the flags
And have all the colors unfurled.

When the guilty confesses
And men wear the dresses
And children quit bossing the ranch,
We'll call the world glorious
And hail it victorious
And the good Ship of State will be stanch.

When prices come lower
And autos run slower,
And Waynesville folks all go to church,
We'll write you a letter
Of things growing better
And how we got out of a lurch.

* * * *

When a thin soda cracker
Or a chew of tobacco
Or a thin, slazy, cheap pair of hose
Will cost just their worth,
We'll love this old earth
And we'll lessen our troubles and woes.

The Carolina Mountaineer. *Jesse Daniel Boone.*

THE PSYCHOANALYSIANS.

Will they never come back, the old chivalrous days?
When each man was his lady's leal knight.
True, he bored her a good deal with his roundelays—
But, for all that, her battles he'd fight.

Shall we ever again see a brave cavalier
Sweep the hat from his ringletted hair :
Or draw forth his blade with a swish, at a sneer—
Or a word—'gainst the fairest of fair?

Will the beau again lift, in his own jewelled hand,
A fair white one to press with his lips
As a gentleman's greeting, when met on the Strand,
While honey his facile tongue drips?

Will poets again tear their long mental hair
While they write lines to angel or dove?
Then sink 'neath the wave with a groan of despair.
Leaving word that 'twas "all done for love."

They were gay, dashing lovers, those foolish old boys,
Though their manners our own world derides—
For we scorn all romance, and our world's greatest joy's
To dissect women's mental insides!
The New Canaan Advertiser. *Orville Leonard.*

AS HEINE MIGHT HAVE DONE IT.

As it would sound in the usual English translation
if it had been done by Heinrich Heine:

Yes, my loveliest love, we have not
No bananas here today;
Let us munch then what we have got,
While our hands and hearts do stray—

Onions for your breath to sweeten,
String beans flourished in the South,
Cabbages and scallions meeten
For the wonder of your mouth.

Eat potatoes; eat tomatoes,
If you heed must hunger's call;
Then we'll wander to love's grottoes
Ne'er to think of food at all.

Ah, these soft angelic Annas,
Never far from earth away,
Wistful still that no bananas,
Yes, we have them not today.

The New York Tribune.

Samuel Hoffenstine.

FISHIN' ON DE OL' BAYOU.

Down on ol' Bayou Mason, whah de shinin' watahs
run,

De blossoms f'om de hawtrees am a drif'in' like de
snow,

I's shohly mighty happy, jes to sot heah in de sun,
Fishin' on de ol' Bayou.

De jayb'd keep a tellin' me it time to hoe de co'n,
De grass an' weeds am growin' rank along de cotton
row;

Dis dahky can't be bothahed now, dis sunny Ap'il mo'n,
Fishin' on de ol' Bayou.

I see de white pe'ch fli't his tail among de cyp'ess knees,
An' whah de ol' brown mus'rat swims de ripples
come and go;

It suttently am scrumshus, jes to lie heah at my ease,
Fishin on de ol' Bayou.

I heah de redbi'd callin' f'om de buddin' maple tree,
De mou'nin' ob de tu'tle-dove am soun'in' sof' and
low,

Dis dahky's jes as happy as he evah hopes to be,
Fishin' on de ol' Bayou.

The Arkansas Gazette.

J. A. Morris.

OIL IS WHERE YOU FIND IT.

One time Dad Perkins sent a thrill
When he announced that he would drill
A well on his north eighty—
We told old Dad he must be blind,
Or that perhaps he'd lost his mind,
And other reasons weighty.

There wasn't any structure there,
And we knew Dad would tear his hair
When it turned out a bloomer;
Though loud we chaffed we couldn't touch
A spot that made him worry much,
No matter what the rumor.

He built a derrick, dug a pit,
While we the welkin nearly split
With peals of raucous laughter—
We asked the poor old silly goose
To call us when she busted loose,
And we'd be there right after.

He drilled along for seven weeks,
While all our gentlemanly beaks
Were pink from suffocation—
We told old Dad he'd hit it big
If only he would skid his rig
Onto some new location.

Rock-hounds came out and looked at Dad,
They felt the wind and said 'twas sad.
The spot he'd picked was barren—
They said no use to stick around,
There was no oil beneath the ground,
And left old Perkins' swearin'.

One day we all went out to josh,
But when we got there—Wowie!—Gosh!
The whole darn place was plastered;
Old Dad had struck an awful sand,
The way she spouted beat the band
Until he got it mastered.

We wisenheimers sure were tame
When Dad announced he didn't blame
Us in the least—nor mind it—
He said, "Geologists are fine,
But I'll take drillin' holes for mine,
For oil is where you find it."

The Daily Oklahoman.

Norman H. Crowell.

TO GIRL CLASSMATES OF '96.

(By the Old Grad.)

Into my dreams you troop today,
Oh, girls I knew in the long ago;
I hear you laugh in the old sweet way
As through the loved halls you trip to and fro.

Again I am back in that tree-clad town
Where the lilacs sway and the roses nod,
Vowing each maid in her big-sleeved gown
Is fair as a flower in spring's fresh sod.

Hannah and Margie, Hallie and Clare,
Mary and Della, Lena and Bess,
With Ivy and Ella I see you there
In star-eyed girlhood's fresh loveliness;

Lucy and Crilla, Louise and Grace,
Edna, Viola, Kathie and Jean,
Each smiling again from a winsome face—
Ah, lovelier maidens never were seen!

Yea, most of you married and mothers now
Have daughters standing where once you stood,
Dreaming those dreams to which we all bow
When youth is the glory that makes life good.

Dear classmates all, though the schooling's done
And youth, sweet youth, is a thing long past,
Yet ever I'll see you on youth's feet run
As long as a dream in my life shall last!

The Los Angeles Times.

Oscar H. Roesner.

EPITAPH TO A MARTYR.

A pure white stone upon her lovely hand—
The joyous peal of merry wedding bells—
And all who see and hear will understand
The story that this combination tells:
She's wed!

A pure white stone above his lowly head—
The solemn tolling of a funeral bell—
Her biscuits were to blame; and neighbors said
Her cakes and cookies, too, were simply—well,
He's dead!

The Atlanta Constitution. John Wingfield Gatewood.

THE JACKPOT.

The night tower gang was resting
The wigglegstick was still,
The bit was hanging idly;
The crew had time to kill.

The owners' word was "Caution,
Go easy through the night—
A gusher handles better
Surrounded by daylight."

And so the boys were loafing,
And poker was the game;
The luck had run quite even
Though Murphy's roll was lame.

"Now boys," said Murph, "I'm thinkin'
My luck is punk today;
I'll never catch the pasteboards
To snatch a pot away.

"If I should drag the swellest
That could be dealt a guy,
Some joker'd slip behind me
And paste me in the eye."

At 3 o'clock 'twas sultry
And Murph was getting hot;
He held three aces on the deal—
Three hundred in the pot.

"Be gosh!" said he, "If only
Good luck is with me now"—
And on the draw the sucker
Got the other ace, I vow.

Pat Murphy nearly fainted,
His cards were simply grand;
He shook as with the ague
And clutched his lovely hand.

They bid up quick and furious,
The pot grew big and fat;
Murph staked his final penny
And tried to bet his hat.

He called and rose to hurtle
His aces to the board,
When suddenly a rumbling
From out the casing soared.

And then the tools shot skyward,
And oil blew all around;
The poker gang leaped lively
And landed on the ground.

"Blowed in!" yelled Murphy, "By Ginger!
Of course she had to break;
I held too many aces,
But I couldn't win a stake!"

The Oklahoman.

N. H. Crowell.

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Mr. Jenkins was born in Boston, 1901. Author of "Open Shutters." Editor of "Tempo," a magazine of verse. Home, Danvers, Mass.

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Born in Wellesley, Mass. Author of "Many Wings." Home, New York City.

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Mr. Van Dusen was born in Kensington, Pa. Chief Clerk United Gas Improvement Co. Author "Songs of Life and Love." Home, Philadelphia, Pa.	
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Mr. Wren was born in Axtell, Kansas, 1885. He is a Free Lance writer. Interested in advertising and literature. He gives credit for his early interest in poetry to Arthur G. Staples, Editor of the Lewiston (Maine) Journal. Many of his poems are illustrated. Home, Kansas City, Mo.

Illustration by Silvey J. Ray. Born in Chariton County, Mo. 1891. Artist. Studied art under F. R. Gruger, at the Art Students League, New York City. Home, Kansas City, Mo.

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Mrs. Ward was born in Holden, Mo. Is a home maker, interested in home, books and golf. University of Kansas (A. B.) Home, Kansas City, Mo.

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Miss Eckman was born in Lancaster, Pa. 1903. Educated at Stevens High School, and Millersville State Normal School. Teacher. Interested in music, children, and animals. Home, Lancaster, Pa.

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Mrs. McMeekin was born in Louisville, Ky. Home-maker. Author "Melodies and Mountainers." Home, Louisville, Ky.

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Mr. Ferguson was born in Delhi, N. Y. Editor the News-Herald. Interested in American Archaeology. Author of works on Prohibition. Home, Franklin, Pa.	
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 Laura Bell Everett is a teacher and is interested in her school work, writing, and mountain-rambling. Author of "War Verses." Educated in San Jose Teacher's College, Stanford University, and University of California. Home, Berkeley, Calif.
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Anne Robinson was born in Brunswick, Maine. Educated in public schools and Wellesley College. Home, Brunswick, Maine.	
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Mrs. Brooks was born in Axtell, Kas. Her home is in Salt Lake City.
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Mrs. Mezquida was born in San Francisco. Author of "A-Gypsyng." Has won many prizes for poems. Home, San Francisco, Calif.
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Mr. Hee is a Chinese Poet.
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Carlton Fitchett was born in Merced, Calif. 1886. He is a newspaper writer and columnist. Humorist. Interests, "home, garden, flivver." Home, Seattle, Wash.
Illustration by E. Stuart Morris. Mr. Morris was born in Fairmont, W. Va. 1882. Newspaper Artist. Studied Industrial Art under Deigendesch at Philadelphia School of Industrial Art. Cartoonist. Home, Seattle, Wash.
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Francis C. Mason was born in Virginia. Student. Educated at University of Virginia. Harvard Uni- versity. Home, Norfolk, Va.	
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